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A CROWD OF BOYS.

BY FRANCIS FOSTER.

We live in a bit of a cottage,
With rooms neither many nor wide;
Yet we're rich in possession—at table
Our children count three on a side.
There are brown eyes and blue eyes and hazel
And with various gifts they're endowed;
But the best baby treasure that our Benny
Is the jolliest boy in the crowd.

My neighbor, who has only daughters,
Came in with her sewing one day,
And, while we were pleasantly chatting,
The children came in from their play.
She paused in the midst of a story,
Unasked I have recited,
But smilingly added: "Your Benny
Is the noisiest boy in the crowd!"

Their grandpa drops in of a morning,
Alas is often invited to stay,
To tell them some story or other,
On mend-ups a wagon or toy.
He is always amused at their sayings,
And seems of them all to be proud;
But he says, now, that Benny
Is the noisiest of all in the crowd.

And grandma, who dwells in the quiet,
Unmoved by earth's clamor and noise,
Confesses that sweet, placid manners
For an afternoon's talk with the boys.
She sets them at peace, if a quarrel
Breaks out during the call of a visit,
She is fond of them all: but thinks Benny
Is the prettiest one in the crowd.

Aunt Jane, from her stately old mansion,
Overlooked on by people and elm,
Is pitied by all her nine nieces,
To visit my turbulent realm.
"I'm glad," she declaimed once, on parting,
"Such blessings as you are allowed;
But keep a tight reign on Benny,
He's the noisiest boy in the crowd."

Ah me! what a mixed reputation,
For any one boy to possess!
But the children have talents unnumbered,
We're a Babel, I frankly confess.
A philosopher, asked to appraise them,
At the task would be puzzled and cowed,
But all at dinner might reason that Benny
Is the hungriest boy in the crowd.

At night when they all have been settled
In bed, with a book and a bowl,
I go on a tour of inspection
And pillow each slumbering head:
And, while I commend them to Heaven,
With spirit in reverence bowed,
I am under the impression
The dearest of best in the crowd.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY P. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XI.
(CONTINUED.)

Madame Castino had determined to inform her many friends of her desire to see them in her own house, by giving out invitations for a party. Monsieur Victor informed Ada of the fact whilst they were at luncheon one golden afternoon, and Ada received the important news with a little tremor of excitement. The news that Monsieur Victor's affianced bride had accompanied Monsieur and his mother back to New York was already afloat, and callers were beginning to poor in upon them, anxious, of course, to get a glance at Monsieur's intended, though in this, as a general thing, through Ada's clever management, they had been unsuccessful. She was aware that Madame was giving this party in her honor, but she was not intimidated at the thought of standing face to face with the elite of New York society. To will was to do with Madame, and the invitations were issued at once, Madame conferring the honor of addressing them upon Ada, herself standing by with Monsieur, watching the graceful movements of Ada's pen.

"What a beautiful hand you write, ma chere," said Madame, admiringly. "It must have been your favorite study. One seldom sees a chirography as perfect as yours."

"I have had considerable experience in the art since I left school," Ada answered with her usual frankness. "After our misfortune we found economy a necessity, and I was my father's clerk for several months."

Madame winced a little. Genteel poverty was in no way distasteful to her, but this was a little below the standard she had set for Ada Venner. It was only for an instant she felt thus, however, for after a moment's thought her good sense triumphed. Being her father's clerk could not have harmed her, for even now she was simply perfection.

From that time preparations for the party were hourly going on.

"We must go to-day and see about a dress for you, ma chere," Madame said, one morning. "Young girls always want something fresh and new for a party, and you, of course, are no exception to the rule. You will give me the privilege of ordering for you, will you not?"

"Certainly, with this stipulation," Ada answered, divining Madame's intention to defray the expenses of the dress herself, "that you go not beyond the limit of my purse."

"But I wish to pay for the dress myself," returned Madame. "It will give me great pleasure to do this for you. And you would except it from me, would you not? Not as a present to my son's affianced, but as a tribute of my friendship for you."

"Still I should feel that Monsieur Victor's money, which is about to come, had paid for the dress, whilst I was no more to Monsieur, legally, than a stranger, and the thought would not be pleasant. Pardon me, Madame, but on only one occasion could I accept a present from you, and that is if you are ashamed to present me to your friends in what my slender purse will admit of my having. I am in your hands to do with as you will."

"Ashamed of you, ma chere!" exclaimed Madame. "Why I would not hesitate to present you in a shilling calico if I chose to do so, should I find it to my taste, and that society would call it a mere freak of mine, and declare that you looked charmingly, and that it was just suited to your style. Madame Castino wills her wealth can do whatsoever she pleases, and it will be called perfectly en regle, whilst a poorer person, doing the same thing, would be voted an abomination, and would receive the cut direct from nine-tenths of our circle. So much for wealth!" added Madame with delicate irony.

"Then you think I can be made presentable —as that Monsieur Victor will not be ashamed of me—on what means I have, the fifty dollars which papa sent in his letter, and nearly ten dollars which I brought with me?"

"Of course you can, and have enough left," Madame rejoined, serenely admiring the girl's independent principles. "Girls of your type light up well, and it takes but little to dress them with taste. You want something light and airy for a dress, and for ornaments you have pearls. Wouldn't some lace be very pretty? what you need. So you are in reality as well off as if you were the possessor of a dozen sets of jewels; for had you ever so many, for this occasion, I should choose pearls."

The dress for the party disposed of, Ada could breathe freely again. The little though important matter of shopping and visiting dressmakers occupied only a portion of one afternoon, and the rest of her time between that and the party Ada could devote almost exclusively to Monsieur Victor. There was no ceiling in the fairy-like pagoda in which she was surrounded. Each day that came was as bright, as rose-hued, as intoxicating in its varied delights, and fully as replete with happiness as the last. And gradually Monsieur Victor came to talk to her of a time when she should stand beside him a bride; of a time when he should make her mistress of his fair Italian home, and she had learned to listen and to answer in a dreamy sort of way without pain. And amid all this the night for Madame's party arrived.

Ada was in her room dressing. She knew very well that if she was not already known to all in Madame Castino's circle she should stand that fact would soon find its way to every ear. By the envious she would be styled an interloper, a mercenary creature, who had used every available art to ensnare the wealthy foreigner, and she was determined—let them find what fault they might with her personally —that they should have no cause for finding fault with her toilet. So standing before the mirror she combed out the luxuriant masses of wavy chestnut hair, wondering the while how best to arrange it. Madame had offered her the services of her maid, but she had answered, "No, thank you; I am accustomed to waiting on myself, and when I have dressed, you shall *my* if I will do." When her toilet was finished, she turned slowly round, viewing the faultless form with a smile of triumph. She knew just how many eyes would be upon her to-night, and this knowledge seemed to rouse in her that combative instinct so essential to success. She was not one to let herself down for more than she was worth. She knew just what she could do, and just how to do it—knew that with her grace and intellect she was equal to the task before her, and would have scorned any effort that would, that she would do Monsieur Victor honor to-night. A moment later she rapped lightly at Madame's door.

"May I come in, or am I intruding?" she asked, when the door was opened by Madame's maid.

"You could not intrude, for you are always welcome, ma chere," Madame said, in that tone which always fell so sweetly on Ada's ear. "Come in; I was never so anxious to see you as now."

Ada came with her graceful, stately walk, and stood beside her. Madame rose to her feet, and placing one jeweled hand on the white shoulder, turned her slowly round, surveying her critically.

"Why, you are a beauty, child, admiringly," I can suggest nothing to make you more so. You are perfect, even to the bloom on your cheek"—kissing her gently—"which, thank the Fates, is your own. If you were a doubtful ma chere, I could not be more proud of you than I am to-night!"

That caress thrilled Ada with a feeling she could not define. She stood half irresolute a moment, with trembling lips, and eyes fast filling with tears. Then with something of her old impulsiveness, she threw her arms round Madame's neck returning the caress.

"You are proud of me! which means that you love me, does it not? How happy you have made me; for it seems that your love is what a mother's love should be, and I—I never loved any mother as I now love you."

Then her face flushed with shame. She raised her eyes and was about to speak when Madame stopped her.

"You need not explain, I understand it all," she said. "Mamma is very well, and means well, no doubt; but there is a lack of sympathy, for which neither you nor I are responsible, scarcely to blame. 'Birds of a feather,' &c., does not justly apply to you and mamma. As you grow older you will feel less need of sympathy. You will learn to stand alone as I have done. Heaven grant though that you may never learn it from lessons such as were given me!" she murmured to herself, kissing Ada again, as she settled an ingenue of pearls deeper in her shining hair. "There! do you hear the bell? Our guests are beginning to arrive. I must go down, and if you have a suspicion of the nervousness that I have said, there may be more doll prettiness among our guests, but your rival—I am tempted to say your equal—will not be in Madame Castino's rooms to-night."

"Do not fear for me," returned Ada. "I know what you and Monsieur expect of me, and I shall not disappoint you."

When she came down after an hour later, with her airy draperies floating around her like sunset clouds, with blush rosebuds nestling here and there among her frost-like laces and in her wavy hair, she found Monsieur Victor waiting for her in the hall.

"You were waiting for me," she said, as he came eagerly forward. "Before I go in there, however, you must tell me if I will do."

"Do!" he ejaculated, as if the idea were preposterous. "Do' is not the word to use in relation to you. You are magnificent, and you know it. Yet you stand there and ask me with all the simplicity of a child if you will do. Ah, my royal June! would you make me think that you are ignorant of your power?"

He drew her gloved hand within his arm and led her to the parlors. An attendant, all in white and tinsel, stood by the door as they entered. And Monsieur Victor led his intended bride under the soft glow of the lights, through the delightful perfume of flowers and the sad low cadences of music—under the scathing fire of fifty pairs of eyes, belonging to the very elite of New York. Right royally she bore herself, her airy robes trailing gracefully after her, the soft, tranquil light falling on every curve of the graceful figure—on the white shoulders rising like sculptured marble above the foamy lace—on the pearls lying like dew drops on hair and wrists and bosom. There was not a sign of embarrassment in look or motion. She wore a self-reliant air—an indifference to the splendors about her, as if she had breathed this atmosphere all her life long.

Not a feature of Madame's face betrayed her anxiety; not that she had feared that Ada would not acquit herself well, but on account of the youth and beauty she had hardly expected her to excel. "Every movement is perfect," she mused, with a little sigh of relief. "Here is the ease and dignity of royalty itself. What a vast difference there must be in the father and mother, for they say she is like him," she commented, with a little shudder as she thought of poor, vapid, insipid Mrs. Venner. "There is good blood in the girl from some source, for here is the divinity of birth—not of training. What a queen of society I could make of her! She would be the rage in a month."

During this brief soliloquy, Madame was bowing and smiling among her friends as usual. Not for worlds would she have betrayed even by a look that she feared anything for her son's intended bride.

"Miss Venner is very graceful, but certainly not handsome," said one to Madame, who thought her high position gave her carte blanche to criticise whatever and whomsoever she pleased.

"Oh, no! not handsome," returned Madame with a slight twin of contempt running through

ing up at him with her large dreamy eyes, and that grieved expression still lingering about her pale mouth.

"Why do not differ on this, Ada," he said, quickly. "You were right. I respect you more for refusing the champagne than I could do otherwise."

Her face lit up with a gratified smile. The momentary suspicion that had taken possession of her mind vanished instantly, and she felt almost ashamed of the unworthy thought. "It was so generous of him to speak then," she reasoned; "no mean man would like Madame's own noble self!" Still she breathed freer when she was in the carriage again with Monsieur beside her and rolling away toward the Park. The last light from the setting sun turned the green leaves into various shades of gold, light brown and yellow, and they fell around her in a motley shower in the sunlight, floating on the soft breeze, and circling lightly and narrowly fully down, as if loth to take their places among their fallen comrades. She watched them half sadly, counting half after half as it fell from its parent stem, the gentle rustle of each sounding like a softly breathed sigh. Somehow it seemed strangely like her own past. She had seen her years bud and bloom and grow to their leaves were yesterday, perhaps, fall by one frost—one fell blow, leaving her naught but a bitter memory. To-morrow she was going back to the dead leaves of the past. Would their faded colors haunt her with the memory of what they once were? she wondered. No, no, they must not. She must bury them 'neath the fresh, bright hues of new hopes—of later memories! She must begin that. She would forget, and live for what the future held for her!

Everything about her seemed to wear an aspect unanimous with her own sad thoughts. Monsieur's face was moody and abstracted, though anxious to please her, and altogether it had been a dull, wearisome afternoon. She was not sorry when they reached home and a genial welcome was lifted off her mind when Madame, with her characteristic good sense, answered in reply to her announced intention of returning home the next day.

"Certainly, my child, you shall go, since I am sorry to give you up so soon. However, if your father is ill he needs you."

Now that she was really going so soon, Ada wondered that she had not thought that she was even anxious for to-morrow to come. True, everything here had been so bright, so beautiful, so delicate, so like the fairy tales she had read of, that it almost seemed too beautiful to be real. She had lived in a delightful dream—had feasted on nectar and ambrosia as it were—had breathed a charmed atmosphere, yet she was now willing to leave all this, for a life so much plainer and more simple. That there could be a possible they could exist in the same world. For Madame she felt a reverence greater than she had ever felt for anything earthly. It was not love such as she bore her father, nor did she was not such as she had ever felt for any other person. With her father she was always a child. With Madame she always wished to be more than child. She wished to be more now, to think as Madame thought, and often she found herself wondering why she could not feel the same reverence for her own mother's opinions that she had for those of Madame. She did not know, perhaps that human nature is no less perverse than other antagonistic elements. Constant association with her mother had made her familiar to say this of any mother and her child had widened instead of lessening the breach between them. It was sinking oil and water. Incongruous elements will harmonize no better for long companionship. The same old discordant ingredients. In Madame, Ada had found a congenial associate despite the difference of years. Heart sympathized with heart, soul went out to soul and there was no need of words to express thought. The same unity of feeling—the same longing for something higher than a perfect knowledge of society rules, and Ada had loved Madame almost instantly, without asking herself from whence the attraction came. Suddenly the truth flashed upon her that if there was a regret in the thought of going home it was for leaving Madame. For Monsieur there was no regret. He had been very kind, she was grateful. That was all.

She was in her own room after having bidden Monsieur and Madame a very good night, when these thoughts came to her. Monsieur had slipped a ring on her finger, kissing it ere he released her hand, and whispering a request that she should not remove it. It was the same to visit her in her own home. And she had promised carelessly, as if this thing had been a daily occurrence. Now she asked herself why these things were so. Would Monsieur really what he seemed? Was he really one of the best friends of her fright and agitation at Madame De Vere's party? Did he really love her, and, if so, why was it that his protestations of affection made her so nervous? Was it because Monsieur was impossible or was it because nothing with the wants of her higher nature? No! a thousand times no! Not for a moment would she admit the thought to harbor in her mind. It was injustice to Monsieur, injustice to Madame, and unworthy of herself. Monsieur was the soul of honor, and Madame knew. She would not wrong him again by such thoughts.

Firm in her determination to do Monsieur justice, she laid aside the light of the candle, out of zeal in offense than otherwise the offering of doubt, and turning restlessly on her pillow, she promised herself again and again that she would not think of Monsieur at all, if she could think only of of home.

After several hours of conquering thought she fell into an uneasy slumber, dreaming first of Monsieur, then of Madame, then both of both together. And in all her visions Madame seemed out bright and clear in a golden halo, with eyes beaming kindly down upon her, and Monsieur stood leaned at her through a dark, lowering mist, with half averted eyes.

"Ada, ada, ada!" she exclaimed half aloud, starting suddenly up from one of these unpleasant fancies. "Madame is all my fancies paint her, but the fickle goddess surely is not Monsieur."

And settling one rosy cheek down upon her round white arm, with a half smile exercising her coral lip, she fell asleep again.

[To be continued.]

Cutting off a Burglar's Head with an Iron Safe Door—Another's Mistake.

From the San Jose Herald.

Richard Bowling, the old man who killed a burglar in Santa Clara, Santa Clara county, Cal., early on Saturday morning, has become something of a hero in that section of the country. The thief effected an entrance by breaking into a kitchen window with an axe. The noise awoke the old man, who arose from his bed and was met by the robber with a cocked revolver in one hand and an axe in the other. He ordered her husband to lie down, and proceeded to collecting all the money there was in the house. By way of emphasizing his demands he knocked her down with the butt end of the revolver. To save her life she yielded and gave up her money. The old man remained quiet, and the thief then proceeded to search the house, still keeping the axe and revolver and firing an occasional shot. After rummaging the rooms upstairs, he ordered the old gentleman and lady down stairs, keeping three in front and threatening their lives. In the parlor was a safe, the drawers of which were hard to open. He dropped the axe to take hold of the drawer with both hands, when, quicker than a flash, the old man seized the weapon and dealt him an annoying blow that severed the head from the body. The thief fell over dead, and the old man and woman slept soundly undisturbed. They then gave the alarm and sent for the Coroner, at Rucksville, seven miles distant. When that officer arrived on the day following he found the thief lying where he had left him, with one foot under the stove, and still clad as he was when he entered the house. He was brought to Rucksville, and the Coroner's jury, after viewing the body and hearing the testimony of the old man and woman, rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Supposed to be the first time any burglar has been killed by any one living in the county.

Another burglar met his death in a similar manner in Rucksville, Ind., early on Saturday morning, but became something of a hero in that city instead of a villain. The thief effected an entrance by breaking into a kitchen window with an axe. The noise awoke the old lady, who arose from her bed and was met by the robber with a cocked revolver in one hand and an axe in the other. He ordered her to lie down, and proceeded to collecting all the money there was in the house. By way of emphasizing his demands he knocked her down with the butt end of the revolver. To save her life she yielded and gave up her money. The old man remained quiet, and the thief then proceeded to search the house, still keeping the axe and revolver and firing an occasional shot. After rummaging the rooms upstairs, he ordered the old gentleman and lady down stairs, keeping three in front and threatening their lives. In the parlor was a safe, the drawers of which were hard to open. He dropped the axe to take hold of the drawer with both hands, when, quicker than a flash, the old man seized the weapon and dealt him an annoying blow that severed the head from the body. The thief fell over dead, and the old man and woman slept soundly undisturbed. They then gave the alarm and sent for the Coroner, at Rucksville, seven miles distant. When that officer arrived on the day following he found the thief lying where he had left him, with one foot under the stove, and still clad as he was when he entered the house. He was brought to Rucksville, and the Coroner's jury, after viewing the body and hearing the testimony of the old man and woman, rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Supposed to be the first time any burglar has been killed by any one living in the county.

POETICAL WAIFS.

Green Leaves and Yellow.

The Spring time leads the Summer blooms,
And Autumn lights her golden fires;
Their presence makes fresh green leaves,
The changeless tender yellow.
Among the green leaves such the rest,
The life, and the peace,
Among the yellow look for grief,
And the sorrow that never sleeps.

What the Year Poet Teaches.

He teaches how to suffer and be pure,
That virtue conquers if it but endures,
How to defend our friends' errors, and defend 'em die
Like it for a friend, or who the friend betrayed,
That the meanest flower that blows, or lowliest the day,
Tells's not to mind whatever men may say
It teaches how to judge the actions of their way.

The Passing Years.

Why should we care for the passing years?
They bring us little our souls to mold and cover;
No health, no beauty, no gladness,
Nothing but passage to the grave!
So let them pass! they can give no more
Than heavy sin on to the destined end.
Why should we fear? Why should we mourn?
Why should we think so? Time's our friend.

THE GHOUL.

Cornwood street is so called because for generations it has been celebrated for its manufacture of coffins. Against one jamb of every door hung a plain, highly polished oak coffin with brass mountings and breast-plate; and against the other jamb, one of plain deal, rudely put together, and having nothing to break the monotony of the sides but four blistered black handles. In this street, day and night, saws grate and squeal, and hammers rouse uncertain bellows sounds.

While walking down the street, one sees within the doors great broad shouldered men reaching up to strike nails in six-foot fives, or stooping to tack three-foot twos as they lie across their knees. The little girls rock their dolls in coffins of the finest cloth. The boys mount small coffins on wheels, and race along the street carrying two or three young children, or maybe a pet dog, in their strange chariot.

So rich is this place in its wares that it is a boast of the people who dwell there that if anyone, from a duke to the ballpenny-ice man at the corner, were to drop down dead on the pavement, he could be fittingly accommodated and sent home without the least infringement of the sumptuary law.

For those who are engaged in the business the street is not a gloomy one; they find sources of gratification and solace denied to the mere visitor. Apart from the general advantages of the trade, it affords the means of consoling individual grief in the most trifling. At the time the worthy Edmond Gosfort lost his wife, the mother of his grown-up sons, was he not consoled and comforted, and did he not dry his eyes, upon learning that there was a coffin shell in stock just the fit? And afterwards, when he mentioned with no little pride the healing consideration, did he not say he was glad his wife's death was in order could not have been executed with greater despatch? When fat Michael Clarke's mother-in-law died, did not Michael come forward and give her the "laid nearer egg" as they used to call it? Ever since his marriage it had lain on his hands because of the warp in the lid and the crack in the bottom. As the old lady lay in bed it had been whispered to the mother that he never saw on his mother-in-law anything which, to his mind, became her so well, and that "them two eyesores was going away together."

For the general public, however, Cornwood street wore a dismal and repelling aspect. To such a degree did prejudice act upon the popular instinct, that, from one end of the street to the other, there was not a single householder unconnected with funerals or funereal matters—except one.

About midway down the street stood a low, dingy shop, the window of which was filled with displayed narrow slips of printed paper, signifying the willingness of the proprietor to buy or sell second-hand books, or to lend any book on his shelves at the rate of one penny the day.

The window was almost completely blinded up with books. From the outside no one could see into the shop. A barricade of cases at the door prevented side-long glances penetrating. A dull, forgotten air hung about the place. In the uncleaned windows cobwebs spread from one row of books to another. The dead flies of many years lay like husks of black corn between leaves and panes of glass, or half buried in deep dust on the show-board and inner edges of the sills.

The interior of the shop disclosed a wilderness of books and dust. The open space before the counter measured no more than eight feet by six. All the rest was books, books, books, and a little more books. The whole shop was owned the business and had, because of singular tastes displayed by him, been called the Ghoul.

He was low-sized and thin, with a large bald forehead mottled with red, a prominent nose, gray blue eyes, and heavy hands badly articulated. His dress consisted of a long, rusty black coat reaching to the knees over ash-gray duds to his bust, exposing a shirt of dubious purity, and black threadbare small-clothes. People judged him to be about sixty-five years of age.

Absolutely nothing was known of his history. Some said he had never been married; but there were rumors remote and weird to the contrary. No one in Cornwood street had ever been, or heard of or seen a member of his family; but against hasty conclusions from this it was urged that no one had ever explored the upper regions of his house. His neighbors on either side were decidedly at variance as to whether there were or were not any occupant but himself. On one side it was averred that words, and moans, and cries had been heard; on the other, a denial of the fact that such had existed only in fancy; or, at most, were but the sawings and hammerings twisted into the service of mystery by a willing imagination.

The Ghoul had lived in the house thirty years before. He had entered into occupation at midnight; no one about the place had seen him come, but he told the morning those on the other side of the street. Boxes and bales of books being towed hither and thither. For a week the shutters remained up. When the shop was opened, the arrangements were precisely the same as those which existed thirty years after.

Neither the rear nor front windows of the house were ever opened. Blinds covered them conspicuously. The neighbors on the opposite side of the street once caught a glimpse half-way open, but it never moved while the Ghoul was in the shop. If it were open when a shower came on, he went up and shut it. To open a window was the last act he would ever do.

"By gad, sir! I have left the skylight open, and there's the rain—there's the rain. Excuse me a minute till I let it down."

As often as the Ghoul wanted to be emphatic he predicted what he had to say with "By gad, sir!" paying no regard to the sex of the person in whose presence he spoke. This habit it inspired several lady customers of his with superstitious notions.

"For," said one, "how could he say 'sir' to me? And I believe he's talking to those dreadful books!" with a shudder and a look around, "the whole time." And truth to tell, the eyes of the Ghoul were often absent from the place and the people present and the business in hand.

He indulged, too, in a habit of soliloquizing which enlightened the timid not. He had frequently been found apostrophizing his customers, or a pile of volumes, or a pot of paste, or a pair of shears, or a bit of string, or a penny. Supposed to be that the only intelligible words were those self-same ones, "By gad, sir!" all the rest being a wild chaos of articulation. What made the women give large pots of paste.

"No one"—said a woman who always wore a lime dress and a cap with strings untied—"no one but make out a word of what he says at them times, except a sort of curse; and no Christian human being can understand him. What, then, can he be doing but talking to Some One in their own language? in which case I know, my dear, curses is like blessings, so here dye-dye."

But by far the most disquieting habit of the Ghoul was one also indulged in when he believed himself to be alone. It consisted in bending down his head low, and, with his hands, and then walking or rather jumping forward on his heels, muttering and mumbling the while in hissing tones. Once or twice when applied by a crippled fellow-neighbor, and asked if he suffered from pain or cramp, he had answered with some little confusion that he did not feel ill, adding by way of explanation:

"By gad, sir! I was only thinking—only thinking."

"But," observed the thin woman of the dab dress and untied strings, "that was no way for a christian man to think. It might be all very well for an elephant or a circus clown to go jiggling about with their heads between their knees, because that was their way of getting a living; but if a man's thoughts made him try to have that way, what must his thoughts be like?"

Another woman gave it as her opinion that the Ghoul was not at such moments thinking at all. "For," she urged, "couldn't he sit down and have a pint of beer and a think comfortable, and not go on like that, hopping about on his head? He was a frog in a fit, or a water-wagtail in liquor?"

This woman further gave it as her opinion that at such times, instead of thinking, he was trying to commune with the effigy of his wife in him down Somewhere by the head, and that the voice of a good Christian made Some One loose his hold. The result of these disturbing peculiarities was a reputation for a bad neighbor every woman of Cornwood street that the Ghoul ought to be put to death, and that if burning were practicable it would be the best manner of getting him out of the way.

It must not, however, be supposed that the old second hand bookseller got the name he bore from these strange and chilling habits, or from the obscure privacy in which his life was passed. Long before these things were known nicer in their application of words than to be guilty of such an abuse of language. Many years before they had fixed this title upon him they had called upon him to purchase of his friends cheap books. They had educated themselves high above haphazard or levity with words. They had called him the Ghoul deliberately after much and considerable thought, and the name to him became no subject of conversation or excited and absorbed his attention as details of mangled bodies, brutal and ferocious murders, would have excited and absorbed the relation of which made the blood run cold and the body quiver.

Every evening a little knot of men gathered into the Ghoul's back shop, and there discussed in the most elaborate and exhaustive method the latest murder in the city or provinces or France, or places still further afield. All the particular circumstances and incidents, from the color of the victim's hair to a boy, down to his appearance when found as a man under the blind arch, were expanded and dwelt upon, until the brows of the listeners grew damp with horror. Then words were heard in a pause of a glowing writer, paralyzed the old man with shuddering excitement. The account fried China of how they took a conspirator's head off with a knife, or drove a stake into an ash widow under the toe-nails, caused the old man to whine about the room in an epileptic rapture.

Most of these horrors were purveyed by the Ghoul himself, but occasionally the honest tradesmen could give facts which the Ghoul confirmed into terrors. There were often blank periods when contemporaneous criminals failed to do deeds of sufficient atrocity to tickle the old man into enthusiasm. Then he fell back upon his store of books. He loved voyages and travels best after atrocity. He devoured accounts of ecclesiastical wars, their strifes and punishments, and he was minutely familiar with the form and history of every torture practiced. Criminal records down to those of the passing day.

It was, however, chiefly because of the interest he took in corpses that he was called the Ghoul, and a belief obtained generally that he had been driven to adopt Cornwood street as a place of residence because it afforded him a good opportunity of pursuing his favorite study and obtaining recondite facts.

Though the oldest denizen of the street he heard of all kinds of deformities and malformations. Now it was the vanity of a poor hunchback who, though measuring only three feet and inches, was in reality six in his will commanding that he should be buried in a coffin of full proportions. Now it was a rich banker who, upon the eve of insolvency, had slain himself with a dose of swift poison, which warped the body into such a bow, that the coffin had to be two feet ten inches in length. They told him of the exact appearance of the corpse as they had told him of the exact appearance of his prey, and the precise spot where the bullet mark had been. From the ghastly nature of the tales narrated by the evening visitors this little back shop had by the women been called the Morgue, and in the end it was always spoken of as the Morgue, and never as the Ghoul's back shop.

But the singular of all things about the little old man, whose name happened to be Isaac Phayre, was that no matter how interesting the circumstances, or how provoking the facts, he never failed in his efforts to show any ingenuity in the case where a woman was the sufferer.

"And so," he would say, when some one brought him a piece of intelligence about the murder of a woman in child-bed, "they found the poor thing lying in the cone with a blue silk scarf round her waist and a flower in her bonnet? Poor thing! Poor thing! Poor thing!" here, as ever, free from jealousy, or despair, no doubt. Ah, those women suffer a deal—a deal we never dream of" and so would pass from the subject.

There were three stages in the popular feminine belief respecting Isaac Phayre, the Ghoul. First: that it was not, or had not been all right with him because he murdered a woman. Third: that he was in the habit of murdering women, and that all his time not devoted to the shop was spent in committing such assassinations as were likely to murder were discovered, because of the vast knowledge possessed by him in such matters.

"Look here," said a hare-crossed woman talking earnestly over her tub of clothes, to a fellow washerwoman who had come to hear the oracle, or get her favorite recipe for the chin cough, "I do believe that Ghoul could murder you without your ever being able to know it. He's so deep and artful, your body and your husband never miss you."

"That's my belief too," agreed a serious elderly lady, charging her pipe with tobacco, "and I wouldn't go nigh him, not generally at the tub.

"I don't know about our husbands not missing us," decided a comely matron of thirty-five or so, "but I think if I wasn't making up the shop for my husband he'd come back from his half-day rather sooner."

"His first one murdered by the Ghoul," said a fourth, "was his own wife, and he's been at it ever since."

"Murdered by the Ghoul," said a fifth, in a voice, as who should say: "Remember, in doubting the oracle on this point, you are at once impious and offering defiance to the Ghoul."

"Not if you was murdered by the Ghoul," echoed the elderly lady with the knitting, in despairing tones, to who should say, "Some incipient evil virtue put so much faith in their young husbands, that no one ever held against the rest of the world; but time will alter this with them."

For, the conviction largely prevailed that Isaac Phayre was innocent; and in the minds of many he still employed his midnight hours in occult and perilous methods of bloodletting. The inhabitants of the street felt secure in this belief, though they would not have dared to act that theory into flame, though the people had a creeping awe of him, they felt no personal fear.

One Monday morning the dwellers on Cornwood street were struck dumb with amazement to find the shop of the Ghoul still closed at breakfast time. Such a thing had never occurred before. The row of hammers and saws was suspended, the dust and speech stilled. The women stood at their doors, their hands under their aprons, and canvassed the matter across the street. The children squeezed their eyes sideways and struck the shutters of the old-book and endeavored to see through the chinks, but got only cat cheeks and eyebrows for their trouble. The women held that at last he had been detected in his midnight abominations, and was in the hands of the police. The men shook their heads, and James Gott, the chief coffin-maker, muttered, "A fit, a fit. Some one ought to break in and see."

While debate was at its height, the door of the second-hand book shop opened, and Isaac Phayre stepped into the street.

He closed the door and locked it; and, with drooping head and downcast eyes, walked a short distance along the footway, then, looking neither to the right nor left, he crossed the pavement and directed his steps towards the shop of James Gott, the chief coffin-maker of the street.

As the Ghoul approached, James retired. He had been about to say something because Isaac Phayre was not in the habit of his business.

"Good morning, James," said the Ghoul, raising his head for a brief moment.

"Good morning, Mr. Isaac," responded the other. Whatever the people may have thought of the Ghoul, they always addressed him respectfully.

"Can I speak a few words with you"—he glanced at James' pale and the intelligent apprentice, Michael—"in private? I have something to say to you."

"What can he want?" mentally queried James. "I wouldn't be at all expecting a sheriff's officer! Well, if so, I wouldn't see you short of a few pounds." Aloud he said, "Step into the back shop, I will be with you presently. He wished to have just half a word with his wife.

"Don't have anything to do with it!" whispered his wife in a warning voice, as soon as the Ghoul had disappeared. "It's some bad job or other."

"What do you mean?" demanded the worthy man in perplexity.

"He wants a coffin."

"Eh?" cried he, in astonishment. "How can he want a coffin when he is not dead? He hadn't the fit, or he had it and got out of it."

"He wants a coffin," repeated his wife emphatically, as if she uttered a revealed fact.

He did look uncommon like unpolished pine," broke in Michael, the intelligent apprentice, "when I was in the shop last night."

"Eh?" muttered the man in bewilderment, "what is that you say?"

"I saw his eyes running over the stock like a jackdaw's over a pile of plank, and if my indentures is to be of any use to me, I think I ought to know the look of a customer now, and the kind of an article that would suit him."

"But," began the master in a tone plainly indicating that faith in himself had been greatly shaken, and that he found himself in a contemptible position, "what on earth can he want of a coffin?"

"Want!" sneered his wife close to his ear. "He was at his old work again last night, and he can't get rid of the body. That's what it is, and you'd better take care of what you have to do with the matter."

"Such nonsense!" he protested, with an attempt to smile.

"You'd better be careful!" were the last words he heard from his wife as he followed the Ghoul.

As soon as the coffin-maker entered, the little old man said in a sufficiently voice:

"James, you can shut the door."

The other complied, and as he did so he felt a cold shiver run down his back. There might be something, after all, in what his wife and Michael had been saying. When he came back from the door, the Ghoul was rubbing his bald head with a red cotton handkerchief which seemed damp, and which was almost wholly concealed by his long gray hair behind.

Red and damp! Of course red was the natural color of the handkerchief, but the natural color could conceal something else red also; and with what was the old man's handkerchief damp?

"Now Mr. Isaac, you may speak. No one can hear."

The little old bookseller sat down, let his damp handkerchief fall into his hat, threw his head well forward, and having placed his elbows on his knees grouped his chin into the hollow of his palms.

James, he whispered, "I want you to do something for me."

"And what may it be?" asked James apprehensively, as he twirled his thumbs and regarded the boat figure before him with grave disapprobation.

"A little job."

"A little job!" echoed the coffin-maker aghast. "In the way of business?"

"No," said the Ghoul, after a moment partly, and partly in the way of friendship. I want you to do the job and say nothing about it. Do you understand?"

"Ah!" said the other, falling back against the wall and trembling in every joint.

"Of course you won't refuse an old neighbor. I ask you to say nothing about it because the job is not in your line. The shape must be different from the ordinary one."

"Oh!" moaned the appalled coffin-maker, "I really—I really—I beg your pardon—I'd rather not—not—not—

OCTOBER.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Sending beneath his load October comes
With Autumn's glories of gorse-blaze valley and down
And smoke-wreaths floating over quiet homes
That dot the landscape hue.

Amongst the few lone flowers the honey bees
Hum assiduously, and fall to rest
The Summer mustering drone's rich, fragrant lees
Alone's round hold stored.

The purple grapes hang ready for the kiss
Of red lips sweeter than their wine;
And 'neath the apple-boughs they soon will miss
The crimson apples shine.

Lazily through the soft and rustli air
The great fruits fall, and gently bed
In the rich sward sunpenes, that toward the fair,
Far lands of summer speed.

Along the hills, wild asters bend to greet
The rustling wind, a myriad of golden rods
And by the fences, the bright cosmeths meet
The morning light of God.

Slowly the shadows of the clouds drift o'er
The hillsides, clad in opal haze,
Where gorgeous butterflies sun the rich store
Of sweet-spent summer days.

All clad in dappled gold, the tall elms stand
And near the chestnut sentinels the land,
And shows its forest bloom.

A sunset flame its scarlet banners wave
The woods live clad in shining mist;
The mountain side shows, in the clear, bright air,
Its crown of amethyst.

Where, like a silver line, the sparkling stream
Flows murmuring through the meadows brown,
And the cattle, knee-deep, drink.
A sunless heat floats down.

All day and night a glory seems to fold
The wide land where October's reign is held
With leaves of green and scarlet, brown and gold,
And Life's!

His is the presence that with gladness crowns
The long, busy days of toil and care,
His bright'ning hues the forest flowers,
With snow rings in his hair.

A DANCING LESSON.

It was one of London's gala days. The Strand was a dense mass of human beings, and its banks were thronged with people.

"Let us see what's going on," exclaimed one of a bevy of beauties escorted by a gentle-looking youth, as they stood contemplating the enlivening spectacle.

None dissenting, a boat was hailed and the party entered.

It was the loveliest of spring evenings. On every hand white sails glittered, while an inspiriting breeze rippled the water, whose joyous murmurs, mingled with the hum of voices and broken by plash of oars and an occasional ribald remark from the boatmen, made Father Thames last as with the happiest and gayest.

Catching the animation of the scene, the young man or diver thanked for his pocket and played several airs. He was an excellent performer, and soon had a crowd of listeners. Other boats came and clung to the passenger's forward in eager admiration. But the young musician, if he observed them, had no desire to exhibit in public, for at once he ceased to play and returned the instrument to his pocket.

Among the boats in the crowd that had rowed was a barge containing a company of gaily-dressed officers. One of them, having no mind to be left out in the cold, and, withal, in a position favoring more of command than of respect, shouted to the player, directing him to play.

The insolent demand passed unheeded. Threats followed, but produced no greater effect. Furious at the failure of his exasperating words to intimidate the meek-faced youth, the officer ordered the rowers to force the barge alongside that he might give him a taste of flogging the offending flutist overboard.

The insolent grossly frightened. Seeing the stalwart bully prepare to execute his threat they implored their young companion to yield, at least for the present.

Rosy lips are always eloquent. The young man smiled, and resuming his flute, played a number of the most popular airs of the day.

The victorious officer beat time affectedly, applauded mockingly each performance, and by his exultant cheers seemed to say:

"See how redoubtable I am."

At length they reached Vauxhall, where the two parties separated.

Though calm in appearance, the young man burned with resentment. He had been insulted. Not for a moment did he lose sight of his inciter. Separating from the ladies under some pretext, he waited his opportunity to meet the officer in an isolated spot.

"Sir," he said, "appears a little overbearing."

"At least I make myself obeyed," was the haughty answer.

"That depends on how one regards it; for my part I prefer kindness."

"Ah! you are a coward!"

"At any rate, in your case——"

"Oh! you can hardly suppose," interrupted the young man, "that I yielded in obedience to your orders."

"To what end is all this?"

"To explain that I played the flute, not at your command, but in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, whom, if you were villain enough to seek to frighten,"

"Am I to understand this as a challenge?"

"Why not?"

The officer smiled disdainfully.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, "you are entitled to satisfaction, and I suppose you have it!"

To-morrow, at daybreak, in Hyde Park, will terminate the quarrel being private."

"The weapons?"

"Swords."

The conditions settled, the parties separated.

Both were punctual to the engagement. The officer took his place, and was preparing to put himself in position when the young musician rose from whose face all expression of meekness had disappeared, and, drawing his pistol from beneath his coat, and pointed it at his adversary.

"What, would you murder me?" exclaimed the officer in alarm.

"That depends upon yourself," replied the other. "Yesterday I played the flute, to-day you shall dance a hornpipe!"

"You take an unfair advantage."

"Are you did at the presence of the ladies yesterday. Come, sir; a hornpipe, if you please."

"I refuse; your conduct is infamous."

"Refuse, and I shall consider it a challenge," accompanying the words with a gesture so menacing that no doubt was left in the officer's mind that he would be as good as his word. He found himself in a solitary place, at the mercy of a man who believed in the code of retaliation.

With an ill-grace the hornpipe was executed.

"Two dances ultimately," said the young man, when the officer had finished, "and then I play the flute. Now, that we are quits, we shall, if you please, begin another dance in which I will lead you a merry life." And, so saying more, he put up his pistol and drew his sword.

The officer, satisfied with the lesson he had received, and judging better of the man whom he had so grossly insulted, resolved to be friends amicably. The other received it, and the pair parted friends.

It is no story we have been telling, but a true account of an incident in the early life of Dr. Edward Young, the melancholy author of "Night Thoughts," a man who, when he had erred and fifty years ago, in the manner we have described, was a Member of Mars was indebted for "A Dancing Lesson."

Comic Journalism in Russia.
From Moscow Correspondent London Journal.

I am always surprised at the number of illustrated papers published in Russia, especially in the provinces. Many of these papers are very largely to papers with colored illustrations. I cannot say I think these papers show a great deal of artistic merit, or originality, either in their illustrations or the manner in which they accompany them. Evidently there is a demand for this class of paper, or it is a good sign, nevertheless, that the nation should furnish such support to journals which are manifestations of literary and artistic order. It shows the country is growing. There are at St. Petersburg two or three papers with pages with plain engravings, and of a more serious character, which, although inferior in execution, compared to such as Punch, Judie and Harpers; but the great majority of these illustrated papers are illustrated) are purely comic, humoristic, burlesque.

The Russian is a great humorist. He likes that which is droll, and he has to-day a great comic writer of wonderful powers and an accomplished caricaturist, who would match with the best man on Punch and Judy, and put in rivalry, if he could, with our dearly beloved Mark Twain, fully confident that he would carry off the palm. But for the life of me I can't recall his name. It is an abominable one, either as I said in the print or to hear pronounced. But to speak of the comic illustrated papers, the best appear to be the Budilnik or Zhasn Bell. The greets the eye at present with a front and back page illustrated in gay colors bearing on the war. The English never and the Austrian rarely fail to be portrayed in these illustrations in a ridiculous light.

TELEGRAPHS IN FIFTY-ONE.

Telegraphing When an "Uptown" Office at Canal Street Did Not Begin to Pay—Depressed Days When Even Cornell Made One Envelope Cover Two Despatches.

Whose thinks of the great University which will hand down his name to prosperity, as university on which he bestowed benefactions somewhat in excess of three-quarters of a million of dollars will find it easier to believe that barely a quarter of a century ago Ezra Cornell could not raise money enough to pay for a ten of gold or two reams of writing paper. Whose thinks of the network of telegraph wires now ramifying this city, and of the wealth of golden ore corner the familiar white sign on a line ground of the Western Union Company, will hardly credit the statement that there was than thirty years ago there was but one substitute note office up town from Wall street, and it took in one message in three weeks. Such, however, is the story told, with some fascinating details, in a paper recently read before the Chicago Electrical Society by Mr. John Desmond. In 1849 Mr. Desmond obtained a berth as messenger in the office of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, bearer and Hanover streets, at 42 a week. Both, a decayed sea captain, had charge of the delivery of messages for three companies in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken. "Uptown" was then occupied fully a dozen boys. Extra charges were collected on all messages delivered above Canal street, and for places outside the city limits, varying from 125 cents to $1, according to the distance.

Business in those far days was conducted in a simple, patriarchal fashion. Office opened at 8 A. M., and closed at 6 P. M., except on election nights, when Dr. Jones, who then attended to the business of the Associated Press, by special arrangement kept the office open to a late hour, providing also liberal refreshments. The business of the New York press, by social

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PHILADELPHIA
1827 1877

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We want our old friends, the postmasters, will assist them to get up clubs for the Sixteenth Year; or, if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, they may still assist our Prospectus to some other intelligent and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1877

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Robert Treat Paine was a poet of no mean repute, and a man of the noblest qualities of mind and heart. His Christian name was originally Thomas, but his eldest brother, Robert Trant, having died, he was persuaded by act of Legislature in 1801 to assume that appellation. He came of a distinguished family, his father being Hon. Robert Treat Paine, a celebrated Boston lawyer of Revolutionary days and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Robert was born at Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1773, but in his seventh year was taken to Boston, where his education was commenced. In July, 1788, he passed at Cambridge in the University he studied with great facility, and was noted for his even temper, gay disposition and unsullied morals. He was much attracted by the Greek language and early became proficient in it. It is on record that on one occasion, being chosen to deliver the Greek oration at one of his class exhibitions, he declined to make a selection as was the rule, but sat down and composed an original address without even first writing it off in English.

At Cambridge Robert formed the acquaintance of the Muses; and as his introduction to them was somewhat peculiar we will narrate the circumstance. One of his classmates took a dislike to him, and vented his spleen in satirical verses written about in prominent places on the college walls. Robert saw them and determined to retaliate in kind, but never having written a line of poetry in his life he was sadly perplexed how to begin, the more so as his opponent was the acknowledged laureate of his class. Nevertheless he plunged recklessly into rhyme, and fearlessly attacked his satirist with his own weapons. From that time forward Robert's themes were mostly written in verse, and it was very rarely that they were not highly commended by the college authorities for unusual correctness in composition.

In 1791, Robert was selected to deliver the English poem at the Autumnal exhibition of the University. With characteristic negligence, and a firm reliance on his power of rapid work, he put off the preparation of his poem until the very morning on which it was to be read, when he sat down, wrote it, and committed it to memory. He graduated in 1792, delivering the Valedictory poem in June, and Collegiate life naturally followed. On quitting college, Robert entered the counting room of James Tisdale, a well-known Boston merchant, as a clerk. Business, however, was not to his taste. He preferred scribbling poetry and contributing to the Massachusetts Magazine to making entries in ledgers and cash books. Hence, his employer had frequently to complain of him, both for neglect of duty and for discharging it in a poetical manner, as, for instance, in entries in his day book in verse, and drawing up charter-parties in the same extraordinary style.

Robert, at this period, formed a taste for theatrical amusements that he retained all the rest of his life. Theatricals were then prohibited by law in Massachusetts, but a company of actors and actresses clandestinely gave their representations in a temporary building erected in Board Alley. Robert was a frequent and discerning patron of these exhibitions. The law against theatres having been repealed, in 1793 the Boston Theatre was erected in Federal street. A gold medal having been offered for a prologue suitable for the opening of this establishment, Paine received it by unanimous award, though twenty well-known authors were his competitors for the prize.

Robert now spent the greater part of his leisure time either at the theatre or in the composition of theatrical criticisms. He had given up business altogether and commenced the publication of a newspaper styled the Federal Orrery, to which, however, he paid but little attention. Meanwhile he had become fascinated by the graces of Miss Eliza Baker, a young, handsome and intelligent English girl, who was a member of the theatre company. He subsequently married this lady, notwithstanding his father discovered him and turned him out of doors, for to wed an actress was considered a terrible disgrace by the good people of Boston [illegible] partial, [illegible] between the [illegible] after wards took place. [illegible] published "The Invention of Letters." It was dedicated to Gen. Washington, and met with a large sale. About this period, Robert was made master of ceremonies at the theatre, and in 1795 he disposed of his newspaper, which to him had long been a losing concern. He now had ample leisure for study, but, being largely shunned by good society on account of his liberal, jovial marriage, gradually fell into dissipated habits.

In July, 1797, by appointment of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Paine read before that body, at Hanniversary celebration, "The Ruling Passion," the longest and best of his poems. He never had to complain of the prices his productions brought, the booksellers snatching eagerly at anything he offered them, and paying him handsomely. He received $1,500 for "The Invention of Letters" and $1,200 for "The Ruling Passion."

In June, 1798, at the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, Paine delivered his far-famed political song, "Adams and Liberty." Never, perhaps, was ballad so popular. It was heard everywhere, it was sung by everybody. From the loftiest to the lowliest, all were chanting:

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its pistol every flash to the deep!
For or'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves!

The profit arising from the sale of this song reached in all about $750.

Growing more steady in his habits, Robert studied law under Theophilus Parsons, at Newburyport. In January, 1800, he pronounced "An Eulogy on Washington," then just dead. It was a fine piece of oratory and is not yet forgotten. In 1802, Paine was admitted to the bar. He prospered exceedingly in his new profession, but soon his old tastes prevailed again and the theatre and dissipation superseded the law. His business fell off, and he sunk under the combined influence of poverty and disease.

In 1807, he removed to Dorchester, and in the winter of the following year announced the publication of his complete poetical works under his own personal supervision, a design that he never could be persuaded to carry into execution, though it would have furnished him with funds sorely needed. He now wrote the "Ode on the Spanish Patriots," a brief historical sketch of Spain, "A Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore," and several epilogues.

Paine's last years were spent in wandering hopelessly about from place to place. He was then a confirmed drunkard, poverty-stricken and sick. In an almost dying condition he wrote "The Steeds of Apollo" for the anniversary of the Jockey Club, and delivered it at their banquet, the last he ever attended. He died Nov. 13, 1811, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His works were collected and published after his decease, and are still accorded an honorable place in the libraries of students of American literature.

JOAQUIN MILLER AS A NOVELIST.

By the success of Joaquin Miller's play of "The Danites," we are reminded that he once made an attempt to write a novel in the Bret Harte style. This novel, from which, by the way, "The Danites" is taken, was not a pronounced hit. It was called "First Families, of the Sierras," and described life in a California mining camp, in the rough days of '49. The main trouble with this production was that it appeared too late. Bret Harte had had a monopoly of the field for some time, and had about exhausted it. Miller, however, dashed into it in his usual reckless way, and, though he gave the world a better piece of literary work than Bret Harte had ever written, he failed to create any sensation. "First Families, of the Sierras" found a few readers, but the great bulk of the people passed it by without notice. This was natural enough. Miller was invited in consequence of a glut in the market. The reading community found one Bret Harte enough. They did not want another.

Critically considered, the principal fault of Miller's novel was lack of plot. All other requirements it sufficiently satisfied. The style of composition was good and strong. It betrayed the artist at every turn. The descriptive passages could not have been better, and the scenes in the mining canon were racy of California soil. The character-sketching was vigorous and vivid. It indicated thorough knowledge and an unflinching touch; but of all, nothing more than character-sketching. None of the personages in the story were deeply graven. They were dashingly put in with charcoal, but charcoal that would rub out and leave no trace behind. The book as a whole was sketchy, but it was satisfactory. It was a moral book, too: not a preachy affair, but a sound, healthful romance that it would not hurt anybody to read. In this respect Miller was a head and shoulders above Harte. He was refined, and, though dealing with the roughest phases of society, never once offended good taste.

In picturesqueness Miller and Harte were each much like, but in point of humor Harte was far ahead. His tales had fun in them. The "First Families of the Sierras" now and then had a glimmer of quaint wit, but that was all. There was not a real, hearty laugh in the whole book to cover. Miller thought his novel a failure and did not follow it up. In this he was mistaken. He should have written another fiction, but he should have laid the scene elsewhere than in California. He had done this, and devoted some of his surplus energy to building up an adequate plot, he would have made a hit. A Mormon romance, that is a tale showing up Mormon wretchedness, would have been just the thing. Miller has neglected his opportunity, but he has yet another chance which he should promptly take advantage of, and, if he is as shrewd as he would have the world believe, he will write a second novel whilst his play holds its name prominently before the public.

One of the New York Courts has decided that sleeping-car companies are responsible for thefts committed on persons riding in their cars. It is now with great difficulty that thefts in these cars can be committed, as there is a very quick-witted conductor on board the car who never leaves his post, and who has a view of the whole interior.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

With the inventions of each succeeding year, the naval engineer finds a broader field for himself. His present importance is illustrated in the case of the new barbette ship Temeraire, of the British navy, which has thirty-four engines aboard, exclusive of the powerful pistons and cylinders that propel the ponderous vessel. The capacity of these alone is equal, it is said, to seven thousand horse-power. There are also feed engines and starting engines, steering engines and capstan engines, engines to pump with and engines to hoist with; there are even engines to aid in working the guns, to assist in torpedo service, and for turning the magnet machine that gives out the electric light.

Many anecdotes of the late Thad. Stevens are current. Here is one. He had a way of squelching an antagonist in debate that was wholly irresistible. Once, during the war, Roscoe Conkling, then a Representative in the House, was making a heated appeal in favor of a bad contractor, who had asked Congress for relief of some kind, and he had just reached the end of one of his most eloquent sentences, in which he had spoken of the Star of Bethlehem, at which point Mr. Stevens heaped petroleum on the fire by him. Mr. Conkling gracefully yielded, when Mr. Stevens said, "Mr. Speaker, I don't know anything about the Star of Bethlehem, but I do know that the fellow stole the hats," and that killed Mr. Conkling's bill.

Out in California, ey are growing tired of the meek-eyed Chinaman, and say his "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." They want to get rid of him and are endeavoring to accomplish that end by dispensing with his services. The Washington has been the American cities have much more license than in English society, nor is this license often abused. They are at liberty to walk about with their partners after a dance, while there, they must return to the care of their chaperons or retire to the one appropriated for their use in the paucity of the cotillion. Gentlemen select whom they please to dance with. Introductions to ladies who have not named any special one for them; but when a room is set apart for refreshments before the suppers, they can conduct there the young ladies who have been their partners in dancing, offering always the right arm, that her right hand may be free to arrange her train, carry her fan, etc. When supper is announced, the host leads the way with the lady whom he wishes to show that attention, who may be an elderly lady, or a stranger, or a bride. The hostess remains until the last with the gentlemen who prefer her to supper, unless some distinguished guest is present with whom she leads the way. No gentleman should ever go into the supper-room alone, unless he has seen every lady enter before him. When ladies are left unattended, gentlemen, although strangers, are at liberty to offer their services in waiting upon them, for the host and hostess are sufficient guarantees for the respectability of their guests. Introductions at public or private balls or dancing purposes does not constitute acquaintanceship. With us, as in Continental Europe it does; and here it may be as well to mention that it is for this reason that ladies are expected in England to bow first, while on the continent it is the gentlemen who give the first marks of recognition, as it should be here; or ladies and gentlemen simultaneously when the recognition is simultaneous.

An English authority says: "It is the lady's place to bow first to a gentleman." Certainly it is in England, where ladies are frequently introduced at a ball simply for the purpose of giving her a partner for a dance; but elsewhere, all over Europe, it is the man who bows first, and certainly, in America we can afford to dispense, with any such rule, attended as it is with numberless inconveniences. It is as much the man's place to bow (with our mode of life as it is the woman's more, far more, when the man has been the recipient of a courtesy, such as an invitation, from the woman. The one who recognizes first should be the first to show that recognition; and in the case of a hostess, it is surely far easier for the man to remember her face than it would be for her to remember the unfamiliar face of a dozen or two of young men. We are heartily tired of the nonsense of those who shape their course in a republic by the rules of life in kingdoms, instead of by that courtesy which underlies all good breeding, common civility requires that those who have been either among the guests or the invited should not only bow first when meeting the hostess for the first time after the entertainment, but that they should, if an opportunity offers, make it a point to express some acknowledgment of their appreciation of the invitation; either by regretting their inability to be present, or by some words of gratification at the pleasure enjoyed.

Never hold a lady's hand, when dancing a round dance, behind you, or on your hip, or high in the air, waving her arm as if it were a pump-handle. Such customs are offensive to well bred women. Never forget a ball-room engagement. It is one of the marks of good breeding to remember them scrupulously; never confusing them or promising two dances to one person. At the commencement and close of a quadrille the gentleman bows to his partner, and bows to her again on leaving her in her seat. He is not obliged to remain beside her unless he wishes to do so. Abroad, he leaves her with her chaperone, and here, in Cincinnati no rudeness by leaving her with any lady whom she knows, old or young. Never be seen without gloves in a ball-room, or with those of any other color than white, unless they be of a most delicate hue. Some provide themselves with a second pair, to be used in case of an accident. If a lady has forgotten an engagement to dance and he takes it she has thus slighted must accept her apology. To quarrel or make a scene in society is an affront to every well-bred man and woman present. Such conduct is most ridiculous. Good breeding and the appearance of good temper are inseparable. "Deceitful smiles and wreathed nods" are preferable, in a ball room, at least, to honest frowns and honest truths. It is not customary for married persons to dance together in society, it is not objectionable, and those men who wish to show their wives the compliment of such marked attention, if they possess any independence, will not be deterred from doing so by their fear of any comments from Mrs. Grundy.

The manner that we suffer from the effects of the Puritanical idea that clergymen ought never to be seen at balls, the better for all who attend them. Where it is wrong for a clergyman to go it is worse for any member of the church to be seen. In leaving a ball-room before the music has ceased, if no member of the family is in sight, it is not necessary to look for them before taking your departure. Gentlemen, who go from one ball to another, as is done night after night in London, dispense with all ceremonies of leave-taking.

Those who remain until the ball is ended, take leave of their hostess as they would at an evening party. When the invitation is a first one, endeavor if possible not to make your exit until you have thanked your host for the entertainment. It is not necessary even to say that "it has been a great success," but you can with propriety speak of the pleasure it has afforded you. A gentleman (wearing white duskin) at a small dancing reception took leave of a very beautiful young woman who was seated by her hostess, entirely ignoring the presence of the latter. It was commented upon by a bystander, when the hostess amiably replied: "It is not the first time that a man has been so bewildered by beauty as to forget his duty." To sum up, the requisite for an agreeable ball are a well-bred hostess, good ventilation, good music, a good supper, gentlemen who know their manners and ladies who have come to make a crush. When there is a crush, like those in London ball-rooms, where only two or three rooms are thrown open, and the number invited is out of proportion to the accommodations as it would be to ask a dinner party of twenty-four to seat themselves at a table that has scarcely place for twelve, then there is some excuse if a young lady refuses to dance. Invitations to such balls are not hospitalities but inflictions. Those invited accept, beguiled by the prospect of enjoyment, but too often find they have made a small book for pleasure in a torture chamber. To require a man to undergo the martyrdom of a dance under such circumstances, would be absurd as unreasonable

A PASTORAL.

[The following poem, by A. J. Munday, a hitherto unknown English poet, is one of the most beautiful things we have seen in years. It is not only exquisitely sweet, natural and easy in its flow, but it is marvel in its versification. Observe the wonderfully ingenious manner in which certain words in the first stanza are made to rhyme with the corresponding words in the second, and so on with the third and fourth, etc.—

I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden:
Her cheeks were as lilies with sweetness blending,
And curls and wood her through the sunlight wheeling,
And shadows straying for homage at her feet.

And she, my Doris, whose lap inclines
With sweetness of each of rare perfume,
While I saved her, kept looked and hearken'd;
The shade was darkened from glow to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said: 'We linger; we must not stay.'
My flock's in danger, I fear, I will wander;
Behold them yonder—how far they stray!'

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore;
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling;
Ah! nay, my darling, one moment more!"

She whispered, sighing: "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I, replying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to know you, and you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the shepherd who saves his own."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild,
But if they love me, it's not so fervent,
I am a woman, I am a child."

Then each but colder glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Let others see, and let others mind you,
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and startled, and stood awaiting,
As if debated in her mind;
But I did brave them—I held her plainly
She looked validity; she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did chase and rally the nibbling ewes,
And homeward sought, as the sun did scatter
Thro' blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty from grace did lend her—
My Doris's heart she fairly knew;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And other power had not to her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling—
With love excelling and undefiled;
And this our story has had its end and foretold—
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

DOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER," "SORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED-TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER I

"Dot! I say, Dot, such a glorious lark—Streaky Bacon has given us a holiday because Elisoden has got the Balliol Scholarship. Dot, no hiding! I know you are here—nurse told me so." The boy thrust his curly head inside the schoolroom door and looked round the low, pleasant room.

"Dot, do you hear?"

A girl of about fourteen, with very red swollen eyes and tumbled hair, made her appearance from behind the red curtain of the farthest window.

"You mustn't speak to me, Rex," she said, with a little sob in her voice. "I'm sent to Coventry."

"What for?"

"Coventry's Exercises," was the laconic answer; and Dot went back to her curtain.

"Oh! I'm with you," said the boy, instant intense consideration. "What a jolly shame! And I've something to tell you. How long are you sent for?"

"Till six o'clock. Please go away, Rex. I sh dotted notes had never been invented!"

"So do I," said Rex heartily, coming to the window and pulling back the curtain. He did not speak any more to Dot, but looked out with eager eyes over the garden.

"Ah, there's Margaret!" he exclaimed, catching sight of a young figure in a fresh morning dress sitting under one of the beech trees sewing, and busily talking to a gentleman who was turning over a garden bed close by. Rex flung open the lower sash of the window energetically.

"I'll get your ticket of-leave, Dot!" he exclaimed, climbing over the sill and letting himself down on the gravel below.

"No, no!" cried Dot, jumping up and leaning out over the thick climbing rose tree, now laden with yellow blossoms, that fenced the window. "I don't want you to ask Margaret."

"If you know what I know," said Rex, stepping a little back on the gravel path to see Dot's brown face better, and speaking in a mysterious oracular tone, "you'd never say that. Is Coventry, old girl, ah, 'I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word——'"

Dot put her hands up over her ears.

"Oh dear, Rex, don't say so. Go away."

"To plead for your release. If Margaret won't let you off, I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do!"

He was off across the smooth greensward, on which not a daisy dared lift its head.

Sewing and gardening were left off at his approach.

"Why, here's Rex, papa," said Margaret in some surprise, and in a tone of annoyance. "Has Mr. Bacon given you a holiday?"

"That he has, my crusty sister. Isn't it jolly, papa? It's in honor of Arthur, Margaret, I came as supplicant—Coventry isn't a pleasant place, you know."

Margaret took up her work, and stitched away diligently at the long seam, a vexed flush rising in her cheeks.

"Dot must be punished" she said shortly. "Her conduct is perfectly disgraceful. It grows worse instead of better."

"That's because she hates it so."

"Absurd! She would be interested if she chose. Does the character of being dutiful and persevering; I only wish she'd show more of it to me."

"Dot hates injustice—that's why you don't get on," said Rex in a sotto voice; but Margaret caught the words, and her fair face flushed together over the sparkling blue eyes with no pleasant look.

"Papa, will you allow Rex to talk to me like that?"

"I—I didn't catch the words," said Mr. Warne, in a timid, undecided manner. "Rex, my boy, you must not be rude to your sister."

"Will you let Dot off then?" he exclaimed. "It's my holiday, and a pretty one it will be, Dot in Coventry and I in Melton—as bad as the fate of Gilfpin's wife, I think."

"One would think," said Margaret with some asperity, "that Dot constituted all your home happiness."

"You see you are so much older and so much prettier, Maggie, and Mary is too busy to care for anybody below a district visitor. Dot and I are on the same level. Do let her off, Maggie, there's a dear. I will speak to Mr. Bacon in Coventry, if you'll let her have to-day."

"Forgive her for once," said Mr. Warne, stopping his digging in the rich brown soil for a moment.

"For once, papa! It's always the same tale—Dot's never to be punished, my authority is not at naught. I'm called unjust and ill-tempered, and I'm not angel without a fault. No, if I touch Dot music, I must have authority to punish her, and if I haven't, papa, you must get some music teacher from Melton, and I will give her up."

"I am sure, my dear, I uphold your authority," said Mr. Warne, sighing. "As to getting any other teacher, why, I cannot afford it; and, if you won't teach Dot, she must go without teaching. Of course, if she is naughty, she must be punished."

Rex's face was a picture of consternation by this time. He almost glared at his sister's pretty face, as he felt the chance of Dot's release had become very fluent indeed.

"Margaret, I tell you what," he exclaimed passionately—"if you won't let Dot off this time, I'll kill Rosebud, I'll——" He broke off hastily at the click of the garden gate.

They all looked up, for visitors were rare at the Vicarage at that early hour. A tall, thin-faced man, whose keen hazel eyes had caught sight of the group, was advancing across the grass.

"Oh!" muttered Rex, very much discomposed. "Here's Strea—I mean here's Mr. Bacon."

In another moment, struck by a sudden thought, he had renewed his appeal to his sister.

"Now, Margaret, don't be ill-tempered any more. 'A conqueror's best grace is clemency,' as Elisoden's prize essay has it. Do let Dot out of Coventry."

"Ah, Mr. Warne, enjoying this lovely morning!" interrupted a cheerful voice. "I trust you are well, Miss Margaret. What are you going to do with your holiday, Reginald?"

"Oh, Mr. Bacon, answered he, and eagerly, "Dot's in disgrace, and I want Margaret to let her off, and she won't."

"I didn't say I wouldn't," said Margaret hastily. "I will try to make you understand, Rex, that Dot needed correction; but I will go and talk to her, and see if she is penitent."

"I can answer for her," exclaimed Rex recklessly. "I'll run and tell her she may go out of Coventry;" and he was off with all speed.

"He's a fine lad," said Mr. Bacon warmly—"a little too impetuous perhaps. You must be proud of him, Miss Margaret?"

"I am," she said, raising her bright beautiful eyes; "and he is so fond of his little sister."

Dot was not to be seen yet over the yellow roses when Rex came running up.

"Well?" she cried.

"Horrah!" exclaimed Rex, executing a wild pas on the gravel, while he sang the Emperor Hoofe "Morning Meditations," to Dot's intense delight and wonderment—

"Better than all the rosy glow of light,
The strength of hope that wakes the soul awaken,
Better than streaks of silver ocean bright,
Is mercy's Dawn!"

Eureka, Dot—eureka! Wait a bit;" and he swung himself into the room, scattering a shower of golden rose-leaves through the air. "Whenever Maggie isn't in good form, we'll send for Mr. Bacon. Thank your stars he came in just now or it would have been all up——"

"Am I let off then?"

"Conditionally; that is if you are penitent. Are you penitent? Look here," exclaimed Rex, leaning over the little table, and fixing Dot with his eyes face to face—"I'll prove you're penitent in two minutes, by a demonstration Streaky Bacon would be proud of. You are'nt impenitent, I suppose? You would mark your blotted notes if I ask you to do one over again?

"Yes; I would try," said Dot.

"Of course; then not being impenitent, you are penitent. Do you see? Margaret was coming in the garden with your hair, and headache long—Mag evidently thinks a governess should deal in nothing below trisyllables—but I stopped her."

"Did you?" said Dot, surprised, said Dot mournfully. I wish I was like Margaret, and didn't hate anytaing."

"Or love anything, except——"

"What?" asked Dot.

Rex gave a low whistle, and winked solemnly at his sister.

"How would you like to live up here, including Lent, on Streaky Bacon?" he asked metaphorically. "Margaret would."

"Oh," Dot laughed heartily, "I don't believe a bit of it, Rex! And I like Mr. Bacon. You shouldn't laugh at him. Why he's as old as papa almost."

"I like him, too," said Rex warmly. "This morning, when I went up to the head of the form to thank him for the holiday, he said, 'I'll promise to get the boys another holiday when you get a scholarship, Warne.'"

"And what did you say?" inquired Dot.

"I asked him if he would promise to give them one when I was plucked," said Rex, grinning. He wouldn't promise that, though. But, Dot, you incurious child, you don't ask for my wonderful news—it's worth having."

"Really, some news? I thought it was your fun."

"Ah, old girl, you don't know what is in store for you! Arthur Elisoden is coming!"

"Oh, Rex, is he coming? I thought he was going straight into Cornwall."

"So he is, but—oh, what a glorious 'but' that is!" And Rex drew out a sheet of blue paper, very much crumpled, from his pocket, and flourished it before Dot's sparkling eyes. "I met the postman as I went over to Melton this morning. What do you think Arthur has to say?"

"Oh, do let me see! I do so want to know all about it."

There was a spice of mischief in Rex's eyes, but Dot's imploring face was too much for him. Besides, he was anxious to discuss the news, so he sat down and spread the letter out on the little table. It was written in a very small and very peculiar writing, that most people would have found some difficulty in deciphering. But the two were well used to Arthur's original chirography, and Dot quickly mastered the contents of the letter.

"Dear Rex—Off to Cornwall to-morrow. Train stops at Harbington Junction for an hour. If you and Dot will walk across Melton Fell to Harlegh Bridge, I'll be there to meet you at noon. I know dear old Streaky is going to give you a holiday. Mind you come. I want Dot's remarks on my success. A. E."

"There, Dot, what do you say to that? Isn't it prime of the dear old fellow to think of it? You're game for the walk, aren't you?"

"Rather!" said Dot energetically. "It is good of Arthur to think of it. We'll set off at once."

"Fair and soft, old girl! We must think of the commissariat, you know. I'll be off and tell Mary to see to it, and you go and get on your toggery, Arthur will be glad of some dinner, and so shall we after Melton Fell." And he went off in all the glee of a truant who had been true, and was now halfahousekeeper, half-cook to the Vicar's family.

The gentle mistress of the house, Mrs. Warne, had died two years before. The family consisted of three daughters, Mary, Margaret, and Dorothy, and Reginald. Mary and Margaret had finished their education; Rex went to the Grammar-School at Melton. Dot was taught by her father everything but music, in which Margaret was a proficient, and she had undertaken that branch of Dot's education since the death of Spring, by age was strengthening between the sisters, they might have both been spared much pain. But Mary had no time for the simple task of winning Dot's trust, and the two sisters were almost strangers to each other's thoughts and feelings.

That morning, as Dot, flushed and excited, ran up the stairs to her own little room at the top of the house to dress for her walk, she met Mary on the landing with a parcel of papers in her hand.

"Why, I thought you were in Coventry, Dot?"

"Margaret has let me off, and I'm going with Rex."

"Very well," said Mary, who was deep in the consideration of "blanket tickets." "Don't tumble into a bog, dear." And she went off without listening to Dot's glowing account of the letter and Arthur's thoughtfulness.

"She doesn't care whether I am happy or not," said Dot, looking after her sister's pretty figure standing at the garden gate. A further cloud fell over the child's bright face; but a moment after Rex called loudly—

"Come, Dot, I've brought nurse to terms. Look chalk-face."

Dot was down in the passage in a very short time, and looked with great glee into the well-filled basket nurse had given them.

"Give Master Elisoden my best respects, Miss Dot; and tell him from me of your sister, Master Reginald," she said, as they departed.

They went on at a rapid pace down the path between the high clom-eclipsed box hedges.

"I've told the governess," said Rex, "I called him off from old Streaky and Margaret. I didn't want them to hear."

The garden gate opened out on the high-road to Melton and Harlington; but the nearest way to their destination was across a great ridge of ragged down that rose in a sharp scent above the village of Melton Lee, of which Mr. Warne was rector.

It was a steep, tollsome scramble among the bracken and brambles and gorse and heather, now putting out its tender flower-shoots. But Dot and Rex battled bravely on, their hearts a sight of Arthur well worth such a walk. About eleven they reached the highest ridge of the Fell, and could look all around them. They could see Melton Lee, with its church surrounded by its rich meadow-land, and the big town of Melton, the Grammar School rising clearly in the midst of the gray houses, and they could trace the long white road that seemed going to the gates of their homes to Melton, and then on to Harbington.

The view from that high ridge was very pleasant and picturesque, for the country round was green and fertile, the land varying in low but beautiful lines of hills that had broad valleys between where villages nestled. And a great river flowed at the foot of the hills, through fine pastures and fields bright with corn. Dot and Rex were glad to sit down in the shade of a graceful rowan for a few moments, and drink of the clear stream that babbled and ran the foot of the gray stone cairn that some pious hands had raised in ancient times on the brow of the Fell.

Dot and Rex were too eager to greet in think much of the beauty or the spot so familiar to them. They drank of the cool water, and then went down the other side of the Fell till they reached the ivied bridge spanning the river near Harlegh Mill, and were on the farther bank, under the shade of a great oak, to wait for Arthur.

CHAPTER II.

From Harbington Junction to Harlegh Bridge is a good mile of straight road. Arthur Elisoden looked at his watch when he got out of the station. "I'll give myself eight minutes," he soliloquized, and off at a rapid pace.

He was a fine bright-eyed young fellow—not handsome, his features being too irregular; but his eyes were as keen as a falcon's, and his lips had the smile of a boy's joyous nature. Real—said and he had been fast friends, though Arthur was three years the older, and for the last three terms had been head of the school and captain of the Grammar School eleven, while Rex was still in the fourth form. But they were the Damon and Pythias of the school, and stuck to each other through good and evil report, Rex admiring and proud of Arthur's brilliant talents and quiet perseverance, Arthur on his part esteeming Reginald's constant high spirits and gay self-confidence and thorough pluck and "go" more highly than his own great gifts.

This short Christmas week was spent by Arthur at Melton Lee Vicarage, his home being in Cornwall, and thus it was that an old kind of friendship was struck up between the shy, studious scholarship, and willful, sort of satire, bewitching little Dorothy. Rex soon found he began to stand second to Dot in Arthur's thoughts, and rather grieved in the idea that somebody else had found out what a good little sister he had. So for the last two years, on all half-holidays and short vacations, the three had been inseparable, and it was a great trial when the pleasant rambles came to an end and Arthur left the Grammar School.

He had been preparing to go for an open scholarship at Oxford for some time, and to the great joy of Rex and Dot had gained it very good one the week before the holiday given at the Grammar School in honor of his success. He was now going back to his own home in South Cornwall to spend his father and sister a little country ranish. Life was very bright before the young fellow. Fortune held out her choicest prize for him to win in the future. He had health and strength, and youth, the gift of many hearts, and his clear brain and good right hand.

Arthur looked eagerly at his watch when he reached the stile that led from the high-road path leading to the bridge. Two minutes afterwards he struck rapidly across the fields and over the ancient bridge. There were his friends, the two specks of the basket, cold fowl and patties and ale, spread out picnic-wise on the grass.

"There he is!" cried Rex, starting up. "Hi-hoah, old boy! How are you?"

"I was so glad," said Dot, looking up with rapture into her hero's face. "But I knew you were safe to win.

"Dot would have bet a thousand to one on your chances," said Rex, laughing, and almost shaking Arthur's hand off. "You are a jolly fellow to give us the sight of you."

"You don't mind coming?" said Arthur then, evidently rather relieved at the ecstatic welcome. "I thought you would like it."

"Rather!" cried Rex, who had begun to carve the good fowl before Arthur's arrival.

"Was the exam. very dreadful, Arthur?" asked Dot.

"Bad enough. I wasn't as nervous as I had expected. My questions were very lucky, and took me out of myself, and I forgot that such things as nerves existed."

"How did you like the old buffers?" she went on.

"Oh, they were jolly fellows! Everybody was awfully kind to me. I should like you to see Oxford, Dot.

"I'd rather see you," said that little flatterer archly.

And then they sat down on the grass, and did full justice to the luncheon, talking fast all the time.

"I timed myself coming out," said Arthur—"eight minutes to reach the station, two minutes to get my seat. I must leave here in a quarter of an hour, little ones. I'll tell you. And I threw himself down on the short, sweet grass and gathered the daisies and flung them one by one into the stream.

"What a dear old river this is!" remarked Rex. "Half our time seems to have been spent fishing in it, or wandering about the banks. Do you remember?"

"Oh," said Arthur, "don't talk of memory today, Rex! Let's think of the future. How long will it take you to forget me, Dot?"

"Forget!" she cried indignantly. "I never forget. I never could forget you."

"I'd send her to Coventry for a lifetime if she did," said Rex. "We shall be the forgotten ones, Arthur—left to bind the willow round our hats, while you——"

"I think we are all talking great rubbish," interrupted Arthur. "As if it were likely I should forget my dearest friends! If you can answer for yourselves, we shall be friends for life, I hope. You will come and see me in Cornwall in the Autumn, and I will do the honors of my beautiful county."

They talked a little of that long-looked for visit, and planned a thousand things, and then Arthur's time was up, and, after a lingering good-bye, he walked back across the bridge, while they watched him, and waved their hands till he passed through the gate and the hedge hid his stalwart athletic figure.

"We shall see him in the Autumn," Rex said, cheerily.

"Yes," assented Dot.

* * * * * * *

The yellow roses round the schoolroom window had all scattered their leaves, the hollyhocks in the trim garden-beds were beginning to flower, and the cornfields were brightening with the approach of harvest. The Grammar-School was shut up. The Summer term was over, and the boys were scattered. It was Dot's holidays too for everything but music. Margaret did not approve of holidays, and continued her lessons rigidly.

Dot and Rex were at the schoolroom window one morning, looking at the great long excursion they had in view. Margaret and her father were in the garden, the Vicar gardening and his daughter sewing. Mr. Bacon had been there too, talking to Margaret. He was a daily visitor now, for he had taken lodgings close to the Vicarage for the holidays, and it was becoming quite an understood thing that he and Margaret would one day be engaged.

"I pity the boys," was the remark of Rex on the subject.

"I pity Mr. Bacon more," said Dot, sotto voce.

Mr. Bacon did not look as if he was an object of pity that morning. He was sitting on the grass by Margaret's garden chair, enjoying the bright morning, the freedom from work, and the presence of the beautiful girl who had such a charm for him. They were talking of Dot. Margaret was asking Mr. Bacon's advice as to the best way of managing her refractory pupil.

"Is she stubborn?" asked Mr. Bacon. "I should have judged she had a strong will from her face."

"Indeed she is stubborn," replied Margaret, in a confidential tone. "Poor papa spoils her so. She is the youngest and the pet; I only wish to give her, as far as I can, the care dear mamma gave to me. What troubles me with Dot is her want of truth."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Bacon, looking very much concerned. "That is the worst of all. A mind stickles for truth has no moral backbone—you cannot do anything with it. I trust you are mistaken about your sister."

"I trust I am," returned Margaret, with an accent of saintly pity. "She is so young, you know."

"She is," said the head-master. "But I should be very careful with her, and instil into her, as I know you can, the love of strict veracity. If you had seen, as I have seen, the terrible effects produced by a habit of falsehood, you would understand my horror and dislike of the least departure from the path of truth."

Mr. Bacon's slightly pedantic manner could not mar the thorough earnestness with which he spoke. Margaret was impressed, and an exquisite rose-flush overspread her fair cheeks, and her eyes went down to her work, as she answered gently—

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Bacon."

The head-master had forgotten Dot in looking at Margaret's beautiful face. He colored too very violently, and the big bony hand he laid on the rail of Margaret's chair trembled like a girl's.

"I am sure," he said, "the simple truth will have more charm for you than the most exaggerated professions."

"Yes, indeed," replied Margaret, blushing still more deeply as the head-master had certainly decided to utter the speech he had long been revolving in his mind; but he hesitated and stammered over his words.

"What do you think, Dot will you listen?"

How is it brothers are always in the way? Margaret and Mr. Bacon could have willingly consigned Rex to the bottom of the sea at that moment. He came rushing across the sward, crying out—

"Margaret, will you give Dot her musicle-lesson now? We want to go botanising. The day is so lovely. Mary has got a flower now-shouldn't you think so Mr. Bacon? Dot wants a specimen for her herbarium."

There was nothing in it but to submit to the interruption with as much a grace as possible. Margaret got up and said she would give Dot her lesson, and Mr. Bacon remarked that he would go back to his lodgings and see if the post-bag had brought him any letters.

He went away feeling rather annoyed with Rex; but, after all, there was no hurry. He had full confidence in Margaret's honor, and she had shown him pretty plainly that she would be quite willing to accept the offer of his hand and heart and the handsome establishment it was in his power to give his wife. As it happened, the postman was late that morning, and Mr. Bacon had to wait a little distance from the Vicarage. Mr. Bacon took his letters and looked over them. They were very uninteresting, and required no inattentive attention. He thrust them into his pocket, and, after a moment's consideration, decided to go back to the Vicarage and talk to Mr. Warne till Dot's lesson was over.

Mr. Warne's study had been called away from the garden by his church-warden to consider the momentous question of the desirability of making a collection for repainting the church grave. There was no one in the garden—Rex had gone off to prepare for the botanising—and Mr. Bacon walked across the grass and sat down in the woodbine-shadowed porch.

The breakfast-room was close to the porch and the big square window was thrown open. Mr. Bacon could hear Dot's thrumming. She was laboring painfully through a long list of variations on "Home, Sweet Home" or "Summer."

"Mind your time," "Pay that bar through again," "Really, Dot, how absurdly stupid" were the remarks the head master heard spoken in a tone very different from Margaret's usual silvery one. But it was Margaret's voice, and Mr. Bacon was very much in love; and he listened dreamily to the music and the teacher's sharp reproofs, and would not understand that his lady-love spoke very much like a termagant, and that she was wilfully unjust and severe to her patient unmusical little pupil. Margaret, however, totally lost her temper at last.

"Really, Dot, I must punish you. You shall stay at home and practice for a couple of hours. You can't have practiced a note since yesterday."

"I have," asserted Dot doggedly.

"Then you have practiced it ill. Your ears are enough to provoke a saint. I tell you you have not practiced one moment properly."

"I did, I practiced an hour yesterday, and counted my time all through. I can't help it."

"You can. You are an idle, good-for-nothing girl. Go on, and play that page through again."

After a slight pause Dot began it, but her hands were trembling and the notes seemed to stumble one over another, and at last she stopped.

"I can't play any more, Margaret—I can't indeed."

"Then go to your own room, and stay there the whole of the day?" exclaimed Margaret passionately, giving her sister a violent push off the music-stool.

Dot staggered and fell with a sharp cry, and then lay perfectly motionless. She had struck the back of her head against the corner of the fender and was stunned. Frightened at what she had done, Margaret ran to the door to call assistance, and met Mr. Bacon, who was very much grieved and astonished to see what had happened to Dot.

"Oh, Mr. Bacon, will you look at Dot? She

caught her foot in the matting," repeated Mr. Bacon, forgetting Dot in the horror of finding Margaret guilty of such a falsehood.

"Yes. I had finished her lesson, and she was running up to dress to go out with Rex, when, in her hurry, she fell like this. Dot, dear, are you very much hurt?"

Mr. Bacon called the nurse, who pushed Margaret aside with very little ceremony.

"What has happened to you, my beauty?" she exclaimed, bending over the form of the unconscious girl. "Master Rex, run and fetch some water—the dear has fainted!"

Rex rushed off, and was back in a moment; but it was long before Dot's eyes opened, and then they closed again, after one dreamy look at the frightened faces around her.

"She'll be better up stairs," said the nurse, "Master Rex, bring the water up, and I'll just lay her on her bed. It will be more comfortable like."

The movement and the passage through the fresh air of the hall seemed to rouse Dot. and Rex came back in a moment to say the unconsciousness had passed.

Margaret went out into the garden, and walked up and down between the high box hedges. She felt intensely vexed and irritated with Dot, as people always are with those they have injured. The child was always doing such obstinate, tiresome things. Margaret almost hated her sister, as she remembered Mr. Bacon's startled, horrified look when he came into the room.

"She and Rex make my home miserable," she muttered. "I shall be glad to get away—I could not live much longer with them."

Rex came running down the path.

"Where's the governor?" he exclaimed. "Find him! I'm off for Doctor Haydon. Dot has fainted again, and is getting lightish-headed."

He hastened on as Margaret hurried back to look for her father. She met Mary in the hall, talking off her hat and gloves.

"How did it happen, Margaret?" she asked hastily. "Poor little Dot! Is she ill?"

She ran up-stairs without waiting for an answer, and Margaret sat down on the hall-chair, trembling with anxious anticipation. If Dot should die! Margaret banished the dreadful thought. "They always make the worst of things," she thought—"it is only a slight faintness."

Mr. Warne came in through the porch with Mr. Bacon while Margaret sat there. The Vicar went straight up-stairs without speaking to his daughter. Mr. Bacon stood for a moment irresolute, and then came up to where Margaret sat leaning her head upon her hands.

"Miss Margaret," he said, in a low voice, "it seems cruel to add to the pain you must be feeling, but if I speak now it will spare us both in the future."

The girl raised her golden head, and looked up at him, her blue eyes hard and cold.

"I was in the porch just now," said the headmaster sorrowfully, "and I heard——" He stopped, with a feeling of pity that was something akin to contempt, for Margaret's face grew paler now than all the anxiety for her little sister had made it.

"And so?" she asked breathlessly, half rising from her chair, and fixing her eyes on the head-master's face. But the charm of their beauty had gone for him.

"What can be between us now but 'goodbye'?" he said. "I am going to leave Melton Lee this afternoon. May Heaven give you a good man's love, Miss Margaret, and make you worthy of it!"

He went away without waiting for the answer, full of excuses and reproach, that would have broken from her lips. She sat there through the porch, across the sunny lawn, and Margaret sat, her hands clasped on her knee, shrinking from herself, frightened at the thoughts that she had crushed—ruthlessly crushed—hatred of the sister who was lying upstairs fighting with Death, dark wishes deep down in her heart that could have no utterance.

* * * * * * *

Dot did not die. She was very ill, and the doctor ordered a thorough change of air. Mr. Warne had a brother who was a consul in a German town, and it was decided that Dot should go thither for a time to recruit her strength. There was a bitter parting between her and Rex; Rex felt it the more, for poor little Dot was too ill and languid for intense mental suffering. He got a good place in Germany, and saw her comfortably settled in his brother's, happy home. Mrs. Edward Warne was a charming warm hearted woman, and for the first time since her mother's death Dot had the love and care of a mother.

Change of scene and tender, skilful nursing soon made Dot more like her old, bright self. Mrs. Edward Warne and her boys were kind to the gentle little orphan niece, and Dot's own sweet disposition made her a favorite with all.

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The reunions at the Halls were attended by many of the theatrical managers, and here we met

RECOLLECTIONS OF EUROPE

LONDON LIFE, LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CONTRASTED WITH PARIS—CELEBRATED CELEBRITIES and STAY[illegible]DOM, MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL, BEN WEBSTER—THEATRICAL MANAGERS, DION BOUCICAULT, MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN — THE LONDON PRESS.

NO. VI.

We last week glanced at some of the political celebrities of the London world, and to-day we propose to glance at some of the peculiarities of the London life, and of its literary and artistic notabilities. It was in the May of 1870, after a two years' residence in Paris, we started on a beautiful Sunday morning from the Gare du Nord, intending to spend some of the most charming provinces of France, and reaching Boloogne sur mer, sailed for London "via la Tharon." We can never forget the regrets we felt on quitting, perhaps forever, the gay and lovely Parisian capital, and our grief was intensified when we sailed up the Thames, and encountered the horrid old smoky, dirty brick shower that abound along

THE BANKS OF THE THAMES;

and yet this great world of London, so complex a contrast to Paris, is the centre of the world of commerce, and holds the money bags for most of the enterprise and the commerce of the earth.

But to our whim. We had left beautiful Paris, and experienced the delights and charms of cultivated society there, it was like entering "Esther," when we beheld the dark, dirty and ugly streets of "the modern Babylon." We well remember landing on the docks of London, the shocking appearance of the quay porters, their dirty and drunken appearance, and it was evident that beer was telling upon those huge men, and worse still, London gin had painted their faces in colors more revolting to the eye of the philanthropist.

We got into a London cab. It, too, was old, dingy and dirty and the driver donned a white tie and wore crape in imitation of the London swell drivers, who are a contrast to the dirty cads and drivers of London and Paris. In the latter city all are attired in suitable livery and were gloved hats but in London the cabmen are slovenly and unclean, and are shocking to behold. We drove to Cecil street, Strand, a street famous as the residence of Garrick, of the literary members of the Johnson circle, here, too, we found old, dingy, dark rooms none of the light and cheerful air that surrounds our dwellings in America—but a bit was soon to change a heaven on earth for a city that would try the patience of a Job.

LONDON SOCIETY.

We were honored with letters of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the conductors of the celebrated writer of the London Daily Telegraph, a journal that claims a daily circulation of half a million, and the public envy of the big city. As the first experience of London society was at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, then residing at Hyde Park Gardens, we will speak of it first.

GUSTAVE DORE,

the greatest artist perhaps in the wide world to-day. What energy and genius must the great man display in the works he has illustrated, and not alone the art illustrator does Dore display so much art, or whose plays have been such a source of profit to the managers of the London theatres, but his appearance at the Walnut Street Theatre has produced almost as much excitement in Philadelphia as it has in the city of this city. It was necessary if not nonsticious, that Dore should be represented in a room of which he is a great dramatic author and artist appears manifest us, that instead of being treated with that cold reception which he met with in Philadelphia, he is lampooned in a style which can be understood amongst gentlemen as only literary blackguardism. Dore's genius is not to be measured by the standard of the London Punch, or any other standard, but also as an actor has Boucicault made the most brilliant hit since he has joined "The Stanghran," produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, three years since, Boucicault, though an Irishman, has made a hit in the character of Dore with splendid success. And the play ran for nearly two hundred nights, and was only withdrawn in order to make room for others, he achieving another brilliant artistic victory.

And now both at New York and our own city, we have the pleasure of seeing this mighty man's genius, "Marriage," a comedy recalling the best days of his prolific genius, and likely to add another to the brilliant achievements of this accomplished author and gifted actor.

We repeat it is "a sin and a shame" to have so gifted a man pauperized and trashed by wages profussing to be a dramatic critic, and this, too, as we believe, from no other cause than personal spite and some monetary disappointment in front Boucicault declining as a matter of honor to bribe this miserable wretch to write favorably of his acting. Last year in the height of the Centennial season Dore came to the Walnut, and never have we seen the theatre so crowded, and the acting of Dore so grand and enthusiastic audiences. We hope he may be long spared to adorn the stage, with the productions of his grand genius, and 1880 will be the year to appears amongst us, all literary gentlemen will accord him that just praise and generous appreciation his genius and the marvellous dramatic works so eminently entitle him to expect.

In our next we shall continue our reconlections of London celebrities, including Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Leigh Hunt, Tonie, George Augustus Sala, and poor Robson.

MAG.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The members of the Manayunk Baptist church have created a sinking fund, which by next March will have $1,000 in it, when they also report the largest number of baptisms, 53.

The Centennial Baptist church of this city, was formed with thirty members. It now numbers 300 members and a Sunday-school. The church has no floating debt, as opt $400 for the furniture.

In a recent article in the Church Journal "Episcopalian, it reports, from a comparison of the reports of the Church Almanac, that there are at present 4,000 churches and chapels and 3,000 clergy in excess of the number of parishes, and three hundred and seventy are not specified as having charge."

There are fifty nine churches in the Presbytery of New York and Brooklyn, 9,980 members and about 20,000 scholars.

Two persons were added to Trinity Presbyterian church, Reading, Pa., on the first Sunday morning last.

At the decision of the Pope respecting the dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny is officially announced. Bishop Tuigg is Bishop of the reunited dioceses, with the title of Archbishop.

The Triennial Convention of the Free Will Baptists met last week at Freeport, New York. This body has in its ranks upwards of 1,000 churches, thirty eight hundred and sixty-six members. In principal seminary of the Free Will Baptists is at New Hampton, N. H. Its most important colleges are at Lewiston, Maine, and Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.

Mr. Moody has determined to spend the month of October in Vermont. He will visit the city of Burlington, fifty Vermont ministers held at Bellows Falls, he said that he desired no visits to large cities, and that if God put it into the hearts of the Christians of Vermont desired it he would begin the first of October in Burlington. He will also visit other large towns in the state. Mayor Mead of Burlington, and Governor Smith, of Vermont, have both said that a genuine season at the First Presbyterian church, Northern Liberties, this city, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Edward S. Shepherd, D. D., over that congregation.

In relation to the declaration of the Rev. M. V. Rork from the pulpit of the Asbury Street Methodist Episcopal Conference for teaching that there is a state of probation after death, the Northwestern Advocate says: "Such views are not ordained. he agreed to teach Methodist doctrine and on that condition he was examined and ordained. Another Methodist Post mortem probation is not an accepted Wesleyan doctrine, hence, the conference while it did not deny Mr. Rork's right to hold his own opinions, simply terminated its conditional sanction of him as a Wesleyan teacher."

Bangor Theological seminary, Maine (Congregational), has opened with over 50 new students; Yale Theological Seminary has 165 students, over 40 of them in the junior class; the Union (Presbyterian) has 50 new students; Drew Seminary has the largest attendance of students since its organization, the number being considerably over 100.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH A SORE THROAT, or a Bad Cough or Cold, when a few drops of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES or DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT can be readily obtained.

THE RAINY NIGHT.

BY W. H. PHILLIPS.

Whilst a solemn veil is o'er the sky,
The rain is pouring fast away,
And through the darkness I myself descry
A vision of the coming day
Which I shall see, if God but will,
If breezes blow through the fateful night.

Then shall the minister morning by!
The lovers rush on with lightning speed!
A fast horse and swift carriage
Is made convenient for the deed!
The bridal party gathers soon
And through him on a Friday's dawn.

He sees himself a playful boy,
His mother's greatest joy and pride;
Oh! what a fine, fat, healthy child!
That many years ago she died.
He sees himself now as one who sees,
The merit of Cain upon his brow!

He sees himself at sister's estate,
Where he is now a visitor and friend;
He sees the lovely woman who
Will be his wife before the end.
When last one year ago he roamed
To love and honor evermore.

And then he sees that fatal day
When he was cruelly parted with dying,
He sees another's life away
Through his neglect and through Death's stroke!
And now there rises up by him
The shadow of a gallows gate!

O! could he but recall that day
O! could he but undo the deed!
Had he resisted passion's sway,
And won a sister's confidence indeed,
How different now would be his fate!
O! better thought! too late, too late!

And as he thinks adown his cheek
The rankling tears fall thick and fast;
His conscience now has begun to speak,
The hour of rest—he hears his last.
Then like a madman he leaves his bed
And while he sees him—mid and dead.

There upon yonder it takes to win
An honored and a noble name,
And he is thought immortal
The current it with shame and shame.
The fear of loss of labor and
In all destroyed within a day!

Clare Lester's Fortune.

"I can't help it," said Clare Lester. "I always was, and always shall be, the most incredulous of human beings. How a person with her proper allowance of brains can really imagine that by the aid of a glass of water, a hair, an wedding ring, she can know what may happen years after, I cannot tell."

"Why, but it does," answered Maud Hey, one of the half-dozen young ladies gathered round Clare's fire; "because my mother tried, and it spoilt John; and my father's name is John, you know."

This speech was greeted by a wild burst of laughter from Clare.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Maud, in rather a dignified manner.

"But I do," cried Clare. "I do. Why, my darling child, how many Johns are there in the world?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Maud.

"Well, well," said Clare, still struggling with her merriment, "to satisfy you girls I'll try the wonderful experiment."

"You girls!" exclaimed Mary Hey, laughing softly. "You girls! Clare Lester, having attained the great age of twenty-one speaks of us collectively as 'you girls,' with accents of most indubitable contempt. Well, that's awfully good. I must say!"

"Hush, hush!—be hushaus," interrupted Margaret Lascelles. "Let's hear what carnaiter is coming to bear on our questions."

"Here's water, water," said Clare, "and here's a hair, genuine eighteen carrot gold."

"Now don't begin with your puns," laughed Margaret; "there's nothing so odious as a punning woman. Here, Clare, you've had a hair brush and comb in your pocket, and I shouldn't like you to take that."

Young ladies, young ladies, I must——" began Margaret.

"Ah! you're me there," acknowledged Clare. "I never could be any one of that wise Madame in perfection."

"Where's the wedding ring?" asked Mary Hey. "May we have yours, Dorothy?"

"Yes," added Miss Wynne, Margaret's newly married sister, beginning to take the rings off her finger.

"Don't, Dorothy!" cried Margaret.

"Why not, dear?"

"Because, you know, it's so unlucky. You're sure to quarrel with George if you do."

Clare and Dorothy laughed in concert at Margaret's fears.

"Nonsense, May" said Dorothy "as if any thing could make George quarrel with anyone. Here, take this, Mary."

"Now, then, what do I do?" said Clare.

"Well," said Mary Hey, "the glass must be half-full of water—so; now put the hair through the ring—so, and let it just rest on the water, and repeat the alphabet slowly."

"And be sure you don't let the ring touch the water," said Maud; "that's most awfully unlucky!"

"Hold your hand steady," said Margaret, who had somewhat recovered from her fright concerning her sister's ring.

At last the hand was pronounced steady, and as the suspended ring began to vibrate slowly to and fro, Clare commenced repeating the alphabet. At the letter C the ring struck the edge of the glass, making a tinkling sound like a tiny bell. Steadily she proceeded to the another ring, and so on until the ring had spelt out the word "Cecil."

Clare rose, looking rather pale.

"Stay!—stay!" cried the girls in a chorus "we want the surname!"

"I don't!" said Clare decisively. "I've had quite enough of such rubbish! Come, come! Let's away, and get dressed at all of you, we've only three-quarters of an hour."

The girls went off, leaving Margaret standing with one foot on the fender.

"Jack's coming down to dinner," she said.

"Is he?" said Clare. "I am so glad. How happy you look, you little cat!"

Margaret blushed a little.

"And he's going to bring a friend down with him, to stay over Christmas."

"Who is he?"

"Capt. Dangerfield. He is Jack's regimental chum."

"That's pleasant!" said Clare. "Now go and dress. Make yourself as nice as ever you can, not that you'll need telling to do that" with the least little bit of a sneer in her voice.

"I wish you'd choose somebody nice to dress for!" said Margaret.

"If you'd ten thousand a year tacked on to you," said Clare, quizzer sharply, "you'd be no suspicion of protestations as I am. It's a very fine thing for you, the prettiest girl in the county, to find people can love you; but when one is poor and freckled, with no style of any sort, it makes it quite a different thing."

"But you're not red-haired," began Margaret.

"Well, dear, then we'll call it auburn," said Clare, laughing; "and we'll say I'm rather horsed, eh?"

"You are too bad!" cried Margaret, as she ran off.

Clare Lester stood a moment gazing abstractedly at the fire.

"If I could only be certain it was myself they care for!" she murmured. "But wealth is an awful cause for suspicion!"

Clare Lester was an orphan, the heiress to a large estate, and at present living with her guardian, Col. Lascelles, at Moorham. As yet she had received many offers she had received, and had refused them with the most unfeigned indifference. Indeed, she was very plain, and had not fortune to marry. The Colonel's wife, with Margaret Lascelles

that a more charming girl it would be difficult to find. Beautiful she was not; but pretty, very. Her hair was, to she said, red; that golden red, wavy and crinkly, like threads of deep-hued Australian gold, great coils twisted round her small head, or more often worn in heavy braids after the German fashion, reaching far below her waist.

Her features were short and piquant; and from hunting, rowing, croquet, lawn tennis, and other outdoor pursuits, her complexion had passed from fluent white and rose to a fine healthy copper-color. I do not admire copper-colored ladies, but Clare Lester I loved and admired beyond everything.

Her face was as healthy-looking; the roses struggled defiantly through the tan, as though the sun should never have power to thrust them out. And contrasted with these were her teeth—strong, gleaming, sparkling teeth—so beautiful that you watched for another glimpse of them when she spoke or laughed. She was not very tall, but well made to a degree; pliant, easy and graceful. As I sauntered one of the maids my about her. "It isn't that she is so pretty, but she does everything so easy-like."

"Yes," said another; "and she always sets her clothes off."

Reader, that is it. So many people think their clothes set them off. Believe me, there never was a greater mistake.

Miss Lester was rather late that evening in reaching the drawing-room, but the time had been well spent. Gentle Mrs. Lascelles thought she had never seen her look so charming; and Margaret, with a roughish look brought Captain Dangerfield to take her in to dinner.

Captain Dangerfield confides in Miss Lester that he was cold in fact, starved to death, and dreadfully hungry; that he had brought six horses down with him, and meant to enjoy his month's leave "most awfully." After that he devoted himself to his dinner, and did not trouble Miss Lester again until the appearance of the entrees.

"Do you hunt?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Clare. "And shoot, and fish."

"Really?"

"Really?" she echoed, laughing. "Why should you men have all the pleasure? I'm sure, if any of you were to knit and do wool work you may, for anything I care."

Captain Dangerfield laughed. This was the sort of girl he liked.

He could not have told three—were noted for being the best brought-up girls in Hightshire and they certainly made most excellent marriages.

But Captain Dangerfield used to say, after a visit home, or at their respective homes, "Heaven preserve me from a well-brought-up wife!"

And before dinner was over, he had come to the conclusion that he would be all right to add another to the list of Madames of Dangerfield, and that Clare Lester would make as charming an addition to the old family portraits as any of them.

Himself of large proportions, with black hair, eyes, and moustache, and with a rather sallow complexion, Clare Lester was just the woman to attract him, and having made up his mind on the subject, he was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. In his regiment he bore the cognomen of "Go-ahead Jack," though, all the same, his name was not John.

Before the ladies left the room, he had made her promise to ride with him next day and then down the river, which ran through the park, was frozen to skate as to Hiddleton, the port town, ten miles up the river.

Into this latter scheme, Margaret Lascelles and her lover, Captain Ford, entered with zest, and they agreed to meet early for the expedition, a proposal acted, so that the rest of the party might not offer to join them.

"I suppose," said Captain Dangerfield (they'd waited for the ladies to leave the room), "I suppose, Miss Lester, you're not afraid of skating?"

"Afraid!" she answered, with a little scornful laugh. "I never could be afraid of any one of that wise Madame in perfection."

"Where's the wedding ring?" asked Mary Hey. "May we have yours, Dorothy?"

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baptism.—Why, whatever is the matter?" he asked breaking off abruptly in the midst of his harangue; for Clare, without another word of explanation, had turned and left the room. "What have I done to offend Miss Lester?"—with some difficulty in getting to his feet, for he was stiff and still in his dusty hunting dress. "What have I done?" he repeated, looking with great dismay from one to another.

For some minutes he received no answer for the peals of laughter which rose from all the girls.

"Do tell me what I have done," he implored. "What I may make amends?"

The screams of merriment were redoubled. At last Margaret Lascelles told him of the charm they had made Clare try, and the result.

"Well," he said, "I can't help it. I haven't any objection. I don't see what difference that can make."

"No; but there is no superstition that she will probably never have anything to do with you again, for how we should know her, and tell her her fortune was foretold."

"What stuff!" said Cecil. "I don't believe Miss Lester's such a goose as that."

"Ah! but she is," said Margaret, vagely. "I assure you she has a great idea of having a will of her own."

"We shall see," said Cecil; and he certainly did.

For several days Clare Lester pointedly avoided Cecil Dangerfield. He could not get one moment's speech with her.

With the fourth he had come a cessation to hunting, and, as soon as the ice would bear, all the younger members of the household were engaged in skating.

No, not all: for Clare remained in the house, pleading a bad headache, which, as the days passed on, grew into a bad cold, a sore throat, and several other small sicknesses of a nature sufficient to prevent her from leaving the house.

Captain Dangerfield was always the first to enter the breakfast room, and the first of the household to assemble for dinner.

Miss Lester was invariably the last. No, use trying to catch her then. Then he tried waiting for her on the stairs; but not a glimpse did he get.

He pondered afterwards he thought she must have gone down the back stairs; for when he was at last forced to go into the room, she was there.

It was too bad. His visit was nearly over. Two days more, and he must go back to that everlasting Curragh routine. He was in despair. He finally wrote a little note, asking her to give him an interview; but he received by her maid a verbal reply, saying she was very sorry, but it was quite impossible.

Not knowing what else to do, Capt. Dangerfield took Margaret Lascelles into his confidence.

"I'll tell you where she is," said Margaret. In mother's boudoir. Go up very softly, and don't knock. If she tries bolting, hold her dress, and don't let her go. Mother says that she is sitting looking at the fire, with great tears rolling down her face, so much the better for you."

"What a good girl you are, Maggie" said poor Cecil.

"You see, I shall be glad of a friend in the regiment."

"It won't be my fault if you don't have one," said Cecil, with a return of his old gaiety.

"You along!" laughed Margaret. "Good luck go with you!"

Captain Dangerfield went along but the luck never have stayed behind for Clare tried, as Margaret had predicted, "to bolt," and when Cecil with determination not his head against the door, she turned away from him with vexation written in every feature of her face.

"If you keep me here a prisoner, Capt. Dangerfield," she said, scornfully, "I have no choice but to remain in a presence distasteful to me."

"Pray, is what you know Miss Lester," said Cecil. "What have I done to offend you? Believe me, I would not knowingly have done so for the world?"

Here he quitted the door, and came to her side, took her hands in his, and kept it there, but Miss Lester maintained a discreet silence.

"They have been telling me of some charm they invented you into trying. Surely that is not true, and I care them a piece of my mind."

"Nobody but you, though" said the Captain, more admiringly than ever.

"Yes, I did, answered Clare, warmly. "I asked him how he thought I could have the impertinence to go poking and prying into the houses of people who are complete strangers to me. It was my own piece of folly, and I am punished there all my life, and have known all the villagers from a child. I go there as a friend. Mr. Bunce said something about their immortal souls, and I asked him how he dared suppose they were not as safe as his own and ours. I should not presume to go into the house of a person of my own station in life and talk to them about their immortal souls, and I will not treat the villagers here with less courtesy than Lady Willoughby."

At last the hand was pronounced steady, and as the suspended ring began to vibrate slowly to and fro, Clare commenced repeating the alphabet. At the letter C the ring struck the edge of the glass, making a tinkling sound like a tiny bell. Steadily she proceeded to the another ring, and so on until the ring had spelt out the word "Cecil."

Clare rose, looking rather pale.

"Stay!—stay!" cried the girls in a chorus "we want the surname!"

"I don't!" said Clare decisively. "I've had quite enough of such rubbish! Come, come! Let's away, and get dressed at all of you, we've only three-quarters of an hour."

The girls went off, leaving Margaret standing with one foot on the fender.

"Jack's coming down to dinner," she said.

Clare Lester stood a moment gazing abstractedly at the fire.

"If I could only be certain it was myself they care for!" she murmured. "But wealth is an awful cause for suspicion!"

Clare Lester was an orphan, the heiress to a large estate, and at present living with her guardian, Col. Lascelles, at Moorham. As yet she had received many offers she had received, and had refused them with the most unfeigned indifference. Indeed, she was very plain, and had not fortune to marry. The Colonel's wife, with Margaret Lascelles

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The Restoration of Valuable Books

In the meeting of the American Library Association on September 5, the president stated that the number of old and rare books which had become injured by time, missing pages of text or illustrations and in need of being replaced by photographic reproductions of the same edition. He called upon Mr. Brevoort, of the Astor Library, to give his experience in regard to restoring pages torn or otherwise damaged.

Mr. Brevoort stated that in the Astor Library there was many a book with a restored and rare page, because they were very carefully handled; but that in his own library he had had a number of books perfected and restored. In order to restore books successfully, I have found that the best expert to send to the British Museum. The art is not known in this country. The process is rather expensive.

Mr. Brevoort stated that the books have been carried to great perfection in England and France. Harris used to make facsimile leaves for the sake of supplying the text of a rare original, which in every close observers were hardly distinguishable. When carries are destroyed, they are taken upon old paper fitted into the damaged edges and the text as then added in fac simile. A class of such reprints was sold by the British Museum, but at present they chiefly work at restoring margins, for whole leaves or pages are rarely required. The paper is procured on old paper. Sometimes the very paper of the time and bearing the same watermark can be found and then used.

For completing some works, such as De Bry's voyages, leaves from a duplicate copy have to be supplied. The work needs careful and exact men, who, by careful manipulation, the thinnest paper, succeeded in hardly made, can be separated into two sheets. Bank of England notes have been thus split.

When a number of leaf of a printed book is in fragments, these may be placed between sheets of gold-beater's skin. A certain French chemist has discovered a method of work. Gold beater's skin is also used for repairing torn leaves.

Grease and oil spots may be entirely removed, if they are not of very old date, by placing magnesia on the spot, then applying a moderate heat with a flat iron, and afterwards using a pressure over night.

Ink spots, if fresh and composed of gallate of iron, may be removed by the use of oxalic acid in solution, the paper to be well washed with a sponge and water afterward. Care must be taken, however, that the salts are very poisonous.

In repairing old or damaged bindings, the skill of a good binder must be trusted. I cannot dwell on this now, but advise all large libraries to employ such men. "Ayr de bestanter les estamens et les livres" and "Reparation des vieilles reliures," both Paris, 1766. These are great antics, and, therefore, I regard you as my guest.

The Principles of Politeness,

written by Lord Chesterfield more than one hundred years ago, is still regarded by the reformed as a standard work of authority. Here is a passage on genuine politeness, while the "Letters to his Son" contain many wise counsels and sage solicitude of a father to "train up a child in the way he should go." This work we earnestly commend to our readers, and we feel sure that they will find in it a treasure of personal counsel, wherein they will find not only lessons of politeness, but also many practical lessons for their guidance through life.

In conclusion, we would quote the old adage, "A man's manners commonly makes his fortune," and certainly we would say to Parents in the early days we have of the practice of true politeness in business that it is capable "more" for them, which requires no previous investment of dollars and cents, but which is sure to yield a rich return in the pleasing recollection of not only delighting our friends by our good manners, but of also delighting the public, thus attaining the glorious privilege of "doing good unto others." Let us, then, as we commend to our young friends of both sexes strict attention to the study of true politeness, not forget to store them that, vulgarity is disgusting in the extreme, while refinement will always recommend themselves to every true lady and gentleman.

LAURA ROOKE.

How a Conductor was Fooled.

Monday morning, as the Northern mail train was starting away from the depot, Conductor says a Gloucester despatch to the *Troy Times*, noticed a woman in a dress in a car which also contained two ladies. As the vehicle turned near a corner, the occupants noticed that the woman in black was not there, and set up a series of frantic shrieks, so that the brakeman's attention was secured, and he stopped the train. The conductor and excited yells imagined that the ladies were carried off by the lady in black. The conductor was instantly notified, the bell rope pulled, air brakes applied, and the conductor, with all possible speed, ran back to the scene of the disturbance. When he pulled "All aboard!" and approached the carriage the male of the party handed the conductor a letter with a two cent stamp. Not realizing how matters stood, the conductor answered that he had not time to read the letter, and put it in his pocket and gave him three cents with which to purchase a stamp. The man then proceeded to mine mailing their letter, and had stopped the train for that purpose. A general laugh from the train followed, in which the conductor also joined.

THE man who has character gets credit, and the man who has no character gets none. Credit, therefore, is a moral premium paid to men for character, and it is of tremendous importance both to individuals and to communities. Those struggling from a low to a high estate

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

HER POSITION IN THE WORLD—HER INFLUENCE—HOME BEAUTIFIED AND MADE HAPPY—PROFESSIONS SUITABLE AND UNSUITABLE—THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMAN.

We propose to-day to discuss the all-important question of the proper sphere of women in the world, their influence and the part they occupy in life in which they can be most useful.

We will commence by stating once for all that we do not advocate the extreme and absurd views commonly known as

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Taking a retrospect of those of our own sex who may be called the extremists of this school of "Woman's Rights," we hold that they have in our day and generation done much to retard, and, under them ridiculous in the eyes of philanthropic men, and those who would be otherwise their true friends.

Looking back at the efforts made by their pseudo advocates of woman's rights, do we not find during the past twenty years an air of absurdities put forward and practiced in such a manner as to make woman not only contemptible in the eyes of those of their own sex, but ridiculous in the opinion of all sensible men. Who can deny that the vagaries of Mary Walker, and the dowsers of the Bloomer costume and the advocacy of Susan B. Anthony, and the wearing of abused costumes, have each and all only tended to retard the true progress of woman, and cause her to be as a "laughing stock" in the eyes of sensible and judicious men and women.

Woman's first and only place is her home. Within its sanctuary she will find her mission. Its duties are loving and grand, but onerous, and they require her constant and undivided attention.

She is destined by Providence to make her home a blissful spot to those around her. It should be full of the merry sunshine of happiness; a haven wherein one may seek calm and joyful repose from the busy, bustling world—a spiritual illumination in the sweet personification of love and kindness. Pleasant surroundings go far to produce a happy life, therefore all should try to beautify and adorn the home as far as their means will permit. It is

FALSE ECONOMY

to get along with the cheapest and poorest home possible. Money spent in substantial comforts is money well laid out. It will repay you with interest. Are' and comparatively inexpensive adjuncts of life. We are, after all, very much creatures of circumstances. A cheerful, well furnished house is calculated to produce ideas, and it is by ideas that men make money and govern the world. Elegant surroundings tend to soothe, gratify and elevate the mind. Not only are these gratifications procured once self, but in an increased degree are the pleasures of the wife and children! The kindly evening greeting will often help in the long nursing fluctuations and the pleasant "good bye" from old and young when leaving the house for office, store, or school, is a pleasant memory through a day of separation.

When the family gather about round breakfast or dinner table, the same courtesy should prevail as if guests were present. Reproof and fault finding, and discussions, and scandal, no less than mostly silence, should be banished. Let the conversation be genial and full of life. Let it be varied and agreeable. Interesting incidents of the day's experience may be mentioned at the evening meal, thus arousing the social element. If newspapers be read, extracts read aloud from morning or evening paper will kindle the conversation.

No pleasanter sight is there than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention to their elders. Nothing is more dear in a warm place for mamma, the hunting up papa's slippers, papers, and scores of little deeds, show unexpressed and tender hearts. Dear, if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Maggie," does not indicate that little attention is appreciated, a cloud will soon soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit and example around them. If you would have your children courteous, kind and thoughtful, you must be so yourself. Children are quick to detect insincerity, and will follow the mother's lap, the father stoops to pick it on higher eyes will soon be not and quick minds make quick work of it. By example, if, when the spirit moves, quickly thoughtful prompt can children be taught to speak kindly and affectionately to all their household goods were destined for the adornments of the homes of our people quite a different state of affairs would be witnessed with the means to make their homes abodes of beauty and luxury. Those of our citizens who have the means should afford to display greater taste at a trifling cost, and beautify their homes with works of the great masters, and in the beautiful characters and graceful lithographic and photographic which are sold in our art establishments at prices most reasonable, and within the reach of almost every person.

LADY FARMER.

In how many different walks in life may not our lady friends choose that will reflect credit on their sex, and redound to their honor and prove a source of honorable profit to them. The art world presents a wide field for the display of taste and talent and how to-day we behold thousands of our sex earning a competency, and many of them achieving great fame, by the display of their artistic talent.

The field of literature has been well cultivated by them, and many of our lady writers of to-day are treading with marked success in the path way of fame, and reaching that goal which brings immortality.

THE STAGE

presents to us another admirable source of suitable employment for our fair sex. Here, also, many have given both fame and fortune. We lately read of Miss Kate Claxton in a single week receiving for her pro duction of one piece the sum of $1,000, and the large money of our celebrities receive even larger sums.

THE ART OF MUSIC

is one peculiarly suited to the profession for ladies, and where genuine musical talent exists its cultivation is rewarded with ample recognition, and in some cases with princely wealth. But we would say that all we think woman's true sphere is in her home, and in the duties and work of her household. There will be no time nor disposition left to mingle with the busy throng in the public thoroughfares of life.

Rather let us be content to be the "angel in the house" and the "queen of home" but be publicly and universally known as such.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

nightly, and even such actions as Miss Emma Thursby can command terms as high as three hundred dollars for a single concert. But we would say that all music has its sister arts of painting and sculpture, great fame has been achieved, and we would say to beautiful young ladies, whose taste inclines them to the study of art, that Miss Lizzie Harriet Hosmer to prove how the brush and chisel may be wielded by feminine hands.

But we are entirely opposed to the adoption by our lady friends of professions totally unsuitable to them, such as "lady lawyers" and "lady doctors," which is only, in our opinion, attempting the impossible and bringing the sex into contempt. We admit that while woman's true sphere is in her home, there will be a large class who will prefer to remain single, and for such there is open a wide field for lucrative employment. Many who wouldn't be guilty of discourtesy to a stranger, or a friend in the world would pass by aside much, if not all, their sanctity of manner on meeting the home circle. The husband and wife impress with those little amenities which, though small, are never unimportant. The children are noticed hither and thither with cruel words that "Heart is not a" for little feet that run on countless errands. The dinner is eaten in silence, broken only by the fault finding or reproof from parents and ill humor among the children. In the evening, the father devotes himself to his newspaper and the mother to her sewing and interrupting themselves only to give such peremptory orders as "Less noise, children," "Stop quarrelling," and finally ending with "Go to bed."

In many families there is no positive rudeness among the members, only a lack of those simple, affectionate attentions which awaken grateful returns, a want of that considerate and gentleness of demeanor which are welcoming of comfort in every household. The well bred host and hostess do not forget "Good night" and "Good morning." Why should not this simple expression of good feeling be always current in the family circle? Why should not husband and wife be as courteous and children? This kindly morning greeting will often help in the long nursing fluctuations and the pleasant "good bye" from old and young when leaving the house for office, store, or school, is a pleasant memory through a day of separation.

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LADY FARMER.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SOW.—Rye may be sown all this month, but the later the sowing the less the yield of grain and straw. For a spelling crop in early spring, one bushel to the acre.

FALL PLOWING.—Ground for oats should be fall-plowed and left ridged so that the cultivator or harrow may fill in the furrows. Ground for corn and land for early potatoes should also be plowed, and left ridged. Ground for peas should be plowed level ground and leave it until spring, then plow it level.

WATER-TROUGHS.—Cattle suffer by all grain feeds as soon as the soaking is finished. Then they must have water. Therefore have the troughs filled and the pumps of the place. We would have a trough in the yard, and one in the land if the cattle are in this case, the furrows should not be more than a furlong to two places over the field.

SOW GRASSES FOR CROPS.—Red ground fall-rye may be liberally sown dressed with manure known as ground bone and mixed until coated with the dust of the fowl, when a dressing of artificial ones may be applied. This application will be found to produce an extra bean in spring to plow for corn; the latter will be ready for the plow and if much more promising work at the season.

WATER-TROUGHS.—In a state of nature fowls run over a great extent of ground broken they are at full liberty to pick up their food, grain by grain, and with it small portion of dirt, thus aiding the digestive organs. Fowls in a state of confinement have been filled with grain, the dirt is collected before been given to them in the work of two hours they eat a greedy fill, and, naturally, they become thirsty, and seek to moisture to drink, the corn swells in the crop, and the bird is choked to death. Fowls should have a table in corners and spread about, to the detriment of the fowls. This applies to the winter, and the practice of throwing down the food in heaps.

A CHEAP AND SAFE MANURE.—There are, in no better material for the well in the bottom of a privy than that made of one part of cement dryinable lime and two parts of loam sand, this may be mixed with twice its bulk of small broken stone, or large gravel, and the whole be put in the well, and the privy in place of mortar. The floor may be three inches thick at the bottom, sloping to eleven inches at the top. Such a floor will last for years, and absorb every bit of liquid manure. Such should be used for the well, and one of dirt, may be brought into the barn as it may be wanted, and mixed with the hay. It will get no richer and will be fitted.

PRESERVING TENDER PLANTS.—In a good cellar we can keep our century plants, oleanders and cactuses through the winter. Early in the spring, a growing healthy state, calculations the green leaved section, while the crape myrtles and fuchsias. Should frost be likely to penetrate, cover them with a few sticks of wood, but as we would in the case of potatoes or apples. Ivies may be kept in the dark place through the winter in dry sand, sawdust or earth. If these plants are to be kept in the cellar, instead lifted from the garden with a good ball of earth about their roots, they can be transplanted into pots, and when the cellar is planted them rather closely in a sand or earth bed, and watered only by the hay. Could pits or winter cellars be better than a cellar for some plants, but a cellar is better than a pit. Pits are a bore to the cautious. The length, breadth and depth of the cellar must be governed, chiefly by the number of the plants to be wintered in. It will be would advise 3 to 6 feet deep, 4 to 6 feet wide—and as long as may be necessary. Make an airy number of arches. After storing, keep the pit unopened in the cellar, and if the weather fill it to inches in mild but wet weather, and even on fine days, if the sun be hot, but in cold but bright dry frosty weather keep the pit rather close, merely opening it for a few minutes in the middle of the day in case of heavy snows and storms leave all covered. Should the pit be full, it will be afford to display great possible opportunity of ventilating or at least lighting, and the long hundreds of plants that could for few will perish.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

The Melancholy Days Have Come the Melancholy Days Are Here.

In those days the young man, who wearth a cut-away coat, eateth the deceptive grape; and he who weareth a dress coat, eateth not of him, and he catches a cold in his unprotected intestine; yea, and the wise flowreth over the fence, and he is pained, and he plies the doctor knoweth him no more.

And in those days is the wax of politics wroth and vexed in spirit. For he saith to himself: "My people will soon together from the four corners of the land, and they will meet, and they will hold a convention, and lo! they shall make fools of themselves; surely, they shall make fools of themselves." And the enemies shall lift up their voices against them, and shall say: "Behold, how they do foolish!"

And now cometh unto the newspaper editor the poet who is young and who likeweise is young. And he saith: "Behold, the small bug or out into the woods, and he whangeth the chestnut tree with a long pole, and the chestnuts fall down to his hat overall." For his brother hath been there privily in the night-time.

Now also is the early apple pull past the head of the schoolmaster; it blitheth the blackboard, and the noise thereof is heard throughout the school. And the teacher saith unto the boys: "Go to, my boy and larrupeth him. And he that is respected by his fellows, and is elected worthy of high honors, and is called to fill some exalted office, he saketh to those who come unto him: "Lo, there is men in this land who are low and corrupt, and is a pure, and let the place be filled with men."

And now is there in the air of politics wroth and vexed in spirit. For he saith to himself: "My people will soon together from the four corners of the land, and they will meet, and they will hold a convention, and lo! they shall make fools of themselves; surely, they shall make fools of themselves." And the enemies shall lift up their voices against them, and shall say: "Behold, how they do foolish!"

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Now he is fulfilled what was spoken by the Prophet Whittington of old, to wit: "Blessed is that maketh verses shall be cast out by a devil."

Furthermore, now return to the city the youth and the maiden who were together in the Summer. Out into the country did they go, and they walked in the woods. Not only did they walk in the woods, but they walked hand in hand. And he saith: "This is a poem on November." And when the young poet returneth to the street, and to the newspaper

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Nearly three days were spent by Philip before the journey was accomplished, every hour of which he dreaded and hated. The sensation produced by his long and rapid travel was a novel one to him, and his imagination found full employment to be looked around him upon his unmoved fellow-travelers. He wondered if the cars were always so full of people, and where they were all hurrying so fast. Perhaps some were going home with joyful hearts, to gladden, with their presence, families, from whom they had been long parted; and he thought could it be possible, among those all, there were any like him, leaving behind them their homes and everything they held most dear, to live with people whom they had never seen before? But the boy was not unhappy. Hope whispered that the friend of Mr. Elliott would be a friend to him, and, with a heart full of trust in the future, at the close of the third day, as the cars ran into the depot, and he alighted therefrom, he found Mr. Hopkins and his eldest son, Edgar, waiting to receive him.

"I am very glad, my dear boy, to welcome you to W——," were the first cheering words of Mr. Hopkins, as he shook warmly the proffered hand, while Edgar, placing a hand on his shoulder, said:

"We are not only glad to give you a hearty welcome, but intend to make you feel at home with us. You will find plenty of friends at our home," (and he glanced smilingly at his father; "for we are a large family."

"Yes," replied Mr. Hopkins: "six good-for-nothing, romping boys and girls. Come along, Ned," he continued, as he turned toward a small carriage with a pair of fine ponies attached to it: "Mamma will send if we keep her supper waiting, and this boy is hungry, too. Bring along the luggage and tumble in. That's all right; now take the reins, and off we go."

Mr. Hopkins lived at the far end of the town, where he had lately built a commodious brick dwelling. It stood in the midst of a tract of uncultivated ground, meant by the owner to be, at some future period, converted into an extensive park. At the time, its appearance was not very attractive to the eye, for the house, with its long piazzas, looked bare, with only a few small trees around it that had not yet had time to grow, but the warm greeting Philip had received from the owner had fallen like balm on his wounded spirit, and had the property possessed the lustre of Aladdin's wonderful palace, it could not have been more welcome in his sight.

A famous housekeeper was Mrs. Hopkins, as an inmate of the family would soon discover from the regular order in which everything progressed. There was not a prettier nor a happier set of children in the town, nor a more contented father and husband than Mr. Hopkins. The latter always wore an appearance of true comfort, and the large parlors, although in daily use, were never otherwise than in a condition to receive any guest that might come to visit them.

Edgar was a good, amiable boy, very like his handsome mother. Next in gradation came Nettie, a sprightly lass of fifteen, Arnold, Charley, Sarie and Alice, concluding with baby Laurie, a little roly-poly fellow, now in his third year.

Watchful eyes were looking for the carriage as it drove to the door. Nettie, who had appointed herself the arrangement of the supper table, suddenly disappeared to see that everything was in order, giving an imperring touch to the stuffed mature dish, or basket, with her deft fingers, and was back again in time to meet the visitors with the rest of the family.

Mrs. Hopkins received Philip with a kiss.

"You are welcome, my boy, for the present, she said, "and I hope we shall be very happy together."

The children were then presented. Nettie, with her bright, cheerful countenance, gave him the second, followed by all the younger ones, while little Laurie clamored for a tie from Cousin Philip, until he was lifted up in Philip's arms, where he nestled down, quite unwilling to be taken away again.

Philip was overwhelmed with so much unexpected kindness.

"Anyone would think I was some dear friend you had been long expecting," he said to Mrs. Hopkins.

"I hope you will feel as if you were," the lady answered, "for we all intend to love you very much."

"Who does the boy look like?" whispered Mrs. Hopkins to her husband, as they were going to supper.

"I am not as good at seeing likenesses as you are, Helen," returned he, "but I declare to you, I thought of poor little Eva Templemore, the minute I sat my eyes on him."

* * * * *

The consternation into which Mrs. Bunting and Lucy had been thrown, by the two eventful days that had passed over them, was not lessened at the return of Mr. Bunting, after a fruitless pursuit of the cheating Yankee. The miller in whatever condition he might be had hitherto abstained from using profane language in the presence of his family. Now he indulged in the most bitter curses and imprecations, and was violent in his manner, even to Lucy, repulsing every effort she made to quiet him. He frequently hurried from the mill to the house and back again, standing for a moment at either place, without any seeming motive except to scan the road leading from the town to the dwelling.

That night passed the time with Lucy and her mother, bringing wretchedness to both. when one morning, just as the family were at breakfast, a horseman rode up to the house, and, dismounting, gave a loud rap on the door with the handle of his whip, and then, without waiting to be admitted, walked into the hall. He was a tall, stout man, with a sinister expression of countenance, which was featured, but bore the traces of a life of dissipation. With a loud voice he asked for Mr. Bunting, and refused a seat in the parlor while waiting for him.

The miller was in no great haste to meet his guest, for he sat at the table, leaning his head upon his hand, until vigorous movements on the part of the impatient visitor of his visitor. Even then, he slowly arose, and with much seeming reluctance, went out to meet him.

"A pretty piece of business this, Bunting, upon my honor!" he exclaimed, in a rough tone, as soon as the miller made his appearance.

"What is the mischief are you thinking about? This comes of listening to your plan for the woman, forsooth! Great Heaven! you take the danger of this thing, and yet you let the boy escape you!"

The miller hurriedly drew the man from the house, and walked with him down the road.

"You know, Maitland," he then replied, "what your injunctions were when I took the child under my roof. He must be mentioned tenderly you said. He must be used more kindly, and Dora's anger must be appeased by his gentle blood would sooner flow. Then, I must keep him down. How was it to be done? The boy that my wife had nursed, that my own little girl called brother, and I myself had learned to love! I was to smash out his spirit make him a servant in the home that he had been taught to call home! I could not do it in my sober senses, and so had recourse to rum, which is ruining me, body and soul! God knows, how I curse the day of my past in the whole wicked transaction!"

"You did not object to clearing off the mortgage from your petty property here with the money given you for the part you took in the so-called wicked transaction!"

"A downing was cuckoo at straws. Besides, I intended, sometime, the boy should come into possession of the property!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Maitland. "How saint-like we are! There is no use in acting the hypocrite with me, Hector: I know you of old, while their college days were spent together, you remember.

"Yet you mistake me now. I solemnly assure you if I could wash my hands clean of this entire affair, I would gladly go back to my old poverty were it fifty times as bad!"

"Well, there's no going back now. You have received pretty good pay for what you have done. Let's have no more fool's talk, Bunting. The thing is settled. Have you any idea what has become of him?"

"Not without he is with Elliott."

"With Elliott!" exclaimed Maitland, as he lifted up his hands in surprise. "Is all on earth leads you to think he is with Elliott?"

"Because, Elliott is just the man to help him. I have no doubt of his being concealed in his house at this very time."

"Why was he ever permitted to go there? I always gave you credit for possessing common-sense, Bunting, but the most ferocious fool would have acted with more caution. The boy has too much the look of his mother to be with Elliott! Confound it! I wonder if he has ever noticed the resemblance! He will be a chip in his at once, and get him away as soon as possible."

"How will I go about it—answer me that? Have I say writings by which I could claim him?"

"Than forge some. That is easily enough done. Well, I must be off. I can't stay here talking all day. The thing is to act, and I am not afraid of your playing the laggard when your neck is in danger, my fine fellow. Do you need money?" And he held toward the miller a plethoric pocket-book crammed with bank notes. "Take what you need; all, if you choose; but to work! The boy must be back immediately. I shall expect to find him here in a couple of days, when I return."

The miller turned away loathingly from Maitland's outstretched hand.

"No, no more money!" he said.

Maitland mounted his horse and rode off.

The miller gazed after him until he disappeared; then, with a look of utter despair, he turned away and went slowly toward the mill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Literary Venture.

It was a plain little room, furnished with ingrain carpet that was rather the worse for wear, and with just enough furniture in it to fill it could be, with half a dozen of unpretending cane-seated chairs arranged as artistically as possible, with a little, gay, cretonne-covered lounge, whose white puffed pillow looked inviting and comfortable, with a rocking-chair or two, a sewing-machine, a melodeon, a writing-desk, and a few engravings, and chromos and muffins on the walls, and a vase of flowers in each wide window-sill.

That was the living room in Dora Chesnon's home—dining-room, sitting-room, parlor in one.

A plain, comfortable, sunshiny room—not altogether incongant despite the extreme cheapness of its decorations, because there had been a woman's deft hand and feminine delicacy of arrangement, that can make even iron pans and pots appear differently on their shelves than some other woman's same domestic possessions look.

They had lived there a long, long while—Dora and her mother—so long that they had imparted to the old-fashioned house, with its three large rooms and small kitchen on the ground-floor, and its two sleeping-rooms above, and its magnificent, old-fashioned garden, full of shady spots and open, sunshiny glades, fragrant springs bordered by perfect tangles of climbing roses with its dozen of full grown, symmetrical fruit trees, and wide, luxurious grass plat—this dear, old-fashioned, comfortable home of theirs to which they had imparted their own individuality in the years they had lived there.

Not unhappy years, either, for all they had been stamped with lack of the luxuries, and many a time embittered with almost hard work than women should do—not hard, manual labor, for there could be nothing in that little household to do that was too hard for Dora's fresh young strength and willing hands; but the incessant struggle for the wherewithal that was so imperatively necessary to put clothing on their backs and food in their mouths and keep the dear, homely old roof over their heads.

Of course it fell upon Mrs. Chesnon to do it. At first she had sewed—night and day almost—for that small strength and willing hands; but even their simple wants. Then her health failed her, and she was obliged to give it up, and accept the more monotonous, and even less remunerative work of copying for a lawyer.

And it was only then, when even that failed, that it occurred to her that perhaps, possibly—oh! such a small, small probability—perhaps she might turn that literary talent people had told her she possessed, years and years ago, when she was young and happy, and at leisure to follow her inclination.

So, almost in fear and trembling, Mrs. Chesnon had looked over a little pile of manuscript she had written in those early days, and copied it, correcting and improving, and eliminating and adding, and then, with a prayer in her heart, set out to offer it for paper.

And two weeks later came back a cheque for a sum that to her seemed gloriously magnificent, and a short, terse permission to send others of the same style and degree of excellence.

After that they were so happy and care-free. Dora sang over her daily tasks and lived her life again in the days of her youth, and grew into a fair, dainty girl of seventeen—one of those sweet, pure, charming girls, who redeem their sex from the reputation of boldness, loudness and frivolity it so generally merits.

And Mrs. Chesnon settled down to her new life of literary labor, and her stories pleased, and the cheques came regularly as Monday morning's mail could bring them. Until very suddenly, she was taken ill—alarmingly, dangerously ill, and the doctor peremptorily forbade even a thought of writing for a long, long time.

There were costly tonics to buy, and dainty food, to keep the feeble strength in the poor, worn body.

There were medicines to get, and the doctor's bills to pay—all outgoes—and the supply of money suddenly stopped, as that it was so much needed.

Mrs. Chesnon grew worried, and grew daily more feverish, and Dora's laughing eyes grew grave and thoughtful.

"If I only knew what to do!"

And Dora went from one duty to another with that thought puzzling her brains, until, after a while, she began to grow pale and pitiful.

But the question remained unsolved, and the little hoard of money got so low that there could count the sum total on her fingers, and the grew desperate in proportion as Mrs. Chesnon grew feebler.

"Something must be done and shall be done! Here's mamma sick and helpless, and not ten pounds in the world between us and starvation. How can I take her place and earn some money?"

And a sudden thought went tearing through her brain, and her breath came in little gasps. "Why not? Why not write mamma's stories and send them in her name? Oh, oh! I would, if I could! I do wonder if I can't write a story?"

And all that day Dora was unusually grave and thoughtful, and her mother never suspected the wildly audacious thoughts that were throbbing in her brain, or knew how the brave, desperate little heart was beating with untutored excitement.

That night, after Mrs. Chesnon was comfortably settled for a several-hours' sleep, Dora crept almost stealthily down to the room below, where the dear soul was, with the sheets of her white paper, its ink, and its pens, and she wrote —eagerly, almost insanely, in her desperation—pages on pages, to read them, and tear them aloud and piece by piece.

Then try again and again, urged by a very anguish of conflicting hope and fear, now actually laughing at her insane presumption, then trembling with some faint thrill of confidence in her ability.

At last, when the faint summer dawn began to pale the lamp-light, Dora laid down be head upon the desk, with a story written, and the accompanying note explaining she had copied it in consideration of her mother's sickness.

Later she signed it, and then—well, it was the girl's first experiences of that suspense which is almost worse than the certainty of disaster.

She waited and went about her daily toils, and went daily to the post office, until the postmistress began to tease her about her pale cheeks and bistre-circled eyes, and tell her she thought the lover a heartless fellow to keep her waiting so long.

Then the letter came, and Dora, hit herself under lock and key before she dared open it, and when she did open it—

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A week before that afternoon there had been quite a little flutter of excitement in the editorial room for the plain journal to which Dora's venture had been sent.

"It's far ahead of anything Mrs. Chesnon ever attempted before, Osmond. It has a pathos, a fire, and a finish that is quite transcends all her previous efforts. You'd better send her a cheque for fifty pounds for it, and tell her we'd like to have her call at the office when it is convenient."

Mr. Pinner, the senior editor, a dignified, white-headed gentleman, had been reading the manuscript of Dora's story, and laid it down on Mr. Osmond's desk as he spoke.

"It must be the first out of the ordinary to command so much enthusiasm from you."

He was a handsome young fellow of easy manners and cultured address; tall, with a grace in all his motions, and with a face that had its fair share of desired admiration.

Just now his dark eyes warmed and lighted as he ran over the finely written pages of manuscript.

"It is well written—even for Mrs. Chesnon. Very graceful, very attractive. Do you know, Mr. Pinner, I will confess to a curiosity to see Mrs. Chesnon."

And so it happened that when Dora opened her letter, all alone in her little bedroom, with her cheeks almost white as the envelope, and her eyes dark and dilated with troubling fear to liquid darkness that the first thing she saw was the cheque for fifty pounds, as it fluttered out, and the next the request that the author would make it convenient to call at the office soon.

That night Mrs. Chesnon and Dora cried and laughed together, and were the very happiest people far or near.

"I always said I knew you are my good fairy, my household angel, Dora. No—rather my brave little girl, my darling!"

As Mrs. Chesnon predicted she began to recover soon, for hope and happiness and restful content are more patient tonics than any medicine physician can concoct; and Dora wrote her exquisite stories: fired now by the consciousness of success that is more than half the time the first Autumn tinges had come to the trees and bushes in the lovely old garden, Dora was able to leave her mother and rush down to the business errand of whose import she had no idea.

She was pacing fair that day, in her unassuming, quiet toilet of simple gray lustre, with her pretty, graceful head bare to sheet white, and its her little gray straw hat trimmed with a scarf of pale blue among the sober tints; and Mr. Howard Osmond, as he rose from his chair to greet her, thought what a dainty little blossom she was—thought he had never seen such saintly eyes or such an exquisite mouth.

His surprise was in his eyes, in his voice, as he addressed her.

"This surely cannot be Mrs. Chesnon!"

And if he had admired her before in her pure pale loveliness, he did not change his opinion at the faint flush that crimsoned her cheek.

"No, sir; I am Mrs. Chesnon's daughter, Dora. Mamma was very sick, and—and we had no money, and I—I had to do something, so I tried to fill her place. It was I who wrote that little story!"

And her lovely wistful eyes seemed to plead that he would not think she had been unkind or guilty of deception.

Mr. Pinner rose from his seat and came forward.

"So this is the author of my favorite sketch, is it? Miss Dora Chesnon, I understand! Well, my child, you have made a remarkable beginning, an unprecessated beginning. Sit down, sit down."

And Dora sat down, a little confused, very pretty in her shy embarrassment and dignity, and so happy as Mr. Osmond explained that he wished to offer her a regular engagement at a stated salary; also that he wished to see her mother, and, as she was quite unable to journey to London, it was obviously to his own interest to go and see her—but of course he did not add it was equally in accordance with his own inclination to see more of this charming girl, whose dark-blue eyes had made such a sudden impression on his heart.

Well—he did go down to see Mrs. Chesnon, and Dora. And he kept on going, and, one lovely day in the budding spring that she let her be loved her, and Dora nestled in his arms and confessed her own passion for him.

So her literary venture was a grand success in every way.

Daily, we were aspirants against expecting the same results in detail, for we rather think that, as a general thing, bachelor editors are not inconsiderable to the chances of their unmarried lady contributors.

—Detroit Free Press: At the Chicago market, the other day, a pale-faced, solemn man took off his hat, smoothed back his hair, and said: "My friends! we know not how soon we may fall by the wayside. We stand here to day; next week we may sleep with the dead! I feel that I have only a few more days to stay, and I wish some of you would lend me fifty cents, so that I can get a dish of baked beans. The crowd at once moved away.

Turkish Etiquette and Dinner Customs.

From the London Society.

The door of the banquet was opened by a tall negro, whose shining face and white teeth gleamed with smiles, and some young slaves advancing assisted to up the board, easy staircase in a manner intended to be respectful, deferential and respect. On occasions of ceremony it is the custom for the sherar to place the meal ere one on the table, and the Imperial, and the carpets supported from the silver, the Mussulman lady allows herself to be dainty and laboriously escorted upward. To a "Frank" this constrained movement is, to say the least of it, unpleasant, but as a mark of great attention it has to be endured, and the slight infliction is soon ended, the reception-rooms of the family being rarely higher than the first floor. A stare rising a hearty curtain of camel's hair embroidered with gold, we find Fehzim Khanum waiting to bid us welcome, and to assist a horried change of dress; for the utmost signal is now given that dinner is served. Way not write mamma's stories and send them in her name? Oh, oh! I would, if I could! I do wonder if I can't write a story?"

"Something must be done and shall be done! Here's mamma sick and helpless, and not ten pounds in the world between us and starvation. How can I take her place and earn some money?"

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THE INDEPENDENT

for next year will have to be a very good paper to suit the intelligent readers who have become fond of it with its present high standard. Every effort will be made carefully to maintain if not increase the excellence which has been manifested in the several enterprises mentioned below.

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In Tremont Temple, Boston, attracted great attention. A price will be given in THE INDEPENDENT next week, and their publication will be resumed in the issue for October 15th, continuing for six months.

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which everyone ought to read, will be delivered this year by Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, England, and will be published in full in THE INDEPENDENT, as they were last year.

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HARD WORDS.

BY W. S. THAYER.

Oh, hollow word, in goodly breathe
Thou dost but mock the fair and true;
Thy utterance is the voice of death
To all that is sincere and true.

The world is large, time flies apace;
Then let us hasten to be kind,
Ere in our breasts the human race
In love and peace forever bind.

Oppressed with grief bowed down by grin
Of some child of sin or sorrow
May there in kindly word
Of kind, rise to sustain to-morrow.

Playing the Dressmaker.

Mrs. Ben Rushington sat dignified, haughty, self-possessed.

Mrs. Ben Rushington was indignant, and took no pains to hide that fact, and all because her son had rebelled—all because her one darling boy was fit to commit his own heart in falling love.

Ernest Rushington was one of those handsome, tenderly-wasteful fellows—tall, strong, affectionate-hearted, "with a devoted way that could only belong to a woman's heart, that made his mother think him as he deserved, that made little Mamie Morgan fairly thrill with rapture here for him, that made even stately Miss Genevieve Wallace admire him and feel I guess sorry to come to the plan Mrs. Rushington had arranged that her handsome son should present Miss Genevieve as his wife.

But in this especial instance Mr. Ernest Rushington had evidently shaded the shadow of a doubt that while he and Mamie Morgan and Cupid had proposed their future way of happiness, his mother was very determined to differ from them all—except her boy—very sweetly. And, to this end, was the interview pending when Mrs. Rushington sat in her blue silken cushioned chair, with her fair blonde head the storm as her well-bred indignation could make it.

Mr. Rushington stood at one end of the low mantelpiece, his elbow resting upon it, his head resting thoughtfully on his hand, his countenance turned to his mother's low-spoken, yet none the less passionate words.

"But you are so entirely mistaken, mother. If you would only permit me to bring Mamie to see you, I'm sure you would only love her an opportunity to let you see her, I am positive you would change your mind. She is a dainty, refined high-bred little lady, with a face so sweet that it would appeal to you instinctively. You would love her mother, if you would only lay aside your pride, your injustness."

Mrs. Rushington only smiled faintly.

"I am so sorry you have formed one so prejudiced, my dear boy. I have always studied your interests, I think, and now, when I recommend you so strongly to marry Genevieve Wallace, I am sure you understand it. I regard it the purer great good. Genevieve is very pretty, undeniably a lady in birth, manners, education and position. She is very rich, and would make a most suitable wife for you."

"If I loved her—which I do not and cannot, Mother, it seems to me you should not seek to bias my judgment in this, the most important event of my life. And my little I have tried to please you, all my life been governed very much by your wishes and advice; but in this case, you must permit me to know my own heart. You must remember that where one has cherished hardened all their early years of affection, and not frittered it away on every pretty face, when one has never loved until they have brought their judgment and their disciplined masterful to answer as I do, that such love is a resistless passion, not to be trifled with by anyone."

Mrs. Rushington looked at his very quiet determined face and knew he would not be shaken by what he said, and the realization that Mamie Morgan would be the wife of Ernest Rushington came to her with such abhorrent force that she rose from her chair in her agitation, and cried:

"I remember nothing but that my son intends to disgrace his family and himself. I shall never mention the matter again, but, rest assured, that if you marry this obscure, ordinary girl, whom pretty face is her only commendation—hush, if you please!—if you do it, all further communication with me and this house, and your income will be ended."

* * * * *

"And you are sure, perfectly sure, it was right, Ernest? I am so afraid that I have been doing wrong in permitting myself to stand between you and your mother. Oh, Ernest, it is the only unhappiness that comes to me as your wife—this knowledge that I am the cause of you and her being enemies."

Mamie Rushington, the year-old wife, was leaning her lovely head on her husband's shoulder, and together they were looking interestingly down on a little golden-framed head nestled against her own. Thanksgiving day, and it will be endorsed that Ernest Rushington had not been intimidated by his mother's threats, but had bravely forsworn luxury and elegance for the sake of the girl he loved and had won him, and married her, conscious that he was in the right.

Mamie Morgan had never been accustomed to surrounded by luxury, more than plainly comfortable, so that to her the pleasant little home her husband took her to, and which he was enabled to make for them in consideration of a snug little sum of money in the bank, saved from his income, was a very paradise to her, where she was as happy as the day was long, after Ernest had reasoned her into believing it was not her fault that his mother refused to countenance them.

He had not been long in obtaining a good position, and on the salary he received he and his young wife lived well, even elegantly.

Then a little baby-girl came to them, and over the nestling's cradle, over this child, Mamie's conscience condemned her afresh, and she cried over baby's fussy golden hair.

"I wish so much, dear Ernest, that my mother would be friends with us, and she shall know your delicate compliment in naming baby Helen Berwyn, after her own maiden name. I do believe that this pet of ours will prove a peacemaker?"

True to his word Ernest wrote to his mother, telling her of the birth of his child, her great delight in receiving the little stranger—in his frank, eager way, that was yet perfectly free from fawning—to come to his home and be convinced that Mamie had made, not merely her husband happy.

Mrs. Rushington was conquered by the letter, by the sweet news that always touches a true woman's heart.

After all these long months, since her darling had gone from her house to be the delight of another loving woman's life, she had been worrying for him, and daily, hourly regretting that she had built such cruel things to him.

Then all the time she was with her son at his office, the first time she had seen him since the day he had told her Mamie Morgan was his wife, and this proud woman, who had cut her heart-fullness at her son's throat—

"It was wrong in me, Ernest, I'll admit it. I will endeavor to atone by going at once to your wife. But, my boy, if I can't love her as I would like to, you mustn't blame me, will you? I'll try for your sake and your baby's sake."

Ernest smiled silently.

"You won't mention it, mother. You'll find that Mamie's little woman in the world and to endear you, and waiting to love you as her own child should. Go to her at once."

Mrs. Rushington did go to her at once, and found Mamie glowing her cheeks, merely trying to tell her mistress a baby

[illegible]

[illegible] Mamie's heart, and [illegible] and her of soft, lustrous brown, that was refused elegance from the parting and gathered into a thick Grecian knot at the back of the classic little head.

She wore a wrapper of gray cambric, with pockets, collar and buttons of brown silk.

There was a dainty linen collar and a bright blue ribbon bow at the neck, and linen cuffs at the small round wrists.

There were no earrings or jewelry of any kind, and Mrs. Rushington's judgment gave a thrill of approval—even under a protest from pride—to this girlishly-womanly creature came forward with an ease and graciousness that never could have been studied.

"I am glad you have come. Lay off your cloak and hat, please, and we will go into the nursery. I have all my dressmaking done there now, so that I can keep an eye to baby, you know."

Mrs. Rushington liked the voice very much, but hardly the peculiarity of address.

"In the nursery, Mrs. Rushington. I certainly would be glad to see baby."

"You will see plenty of her," Mrs. Ernest laughed, "before I am done with you. Oh, did you bring the polonaise pattern, Mrs.—there! I told my husband I never could remember the dressmaker's name he said he would send—Mrs.—oh, yes—Mrs. Abercrombie! You did bring the polonaise pattern?"

Mrs. Rushington, senior, understood it all in a flash.

Her daughter-in-law, whom she had finally condescended to visit, mistook her for the dressmaker.

Mrs. Rushington, junior, was inly astonished to see such a dignified, well-dressed lady come to help her make up her black silk, and, while Mamie was absent a moment in response to a little sound from baby, she whispered to her mamma Helen suddenly began to enjoy the situation, and when Mamie came back, said:

"I have forgotten the pattern, Mrs. Rushington, but I think we can make the skirt first, and leave the polonaise until to-morrow."

And Mrs. Helen Berwyn Rushington, or Mrs. Ben Rushington, as her cards read, actually cut and basted the black silk—Mamie in her dampest daughter-in-law's black silk.

She contrived the trimming, and made such stylish suggestions that Mamie congratulated herself on her acquisition.

And the while, there was not a look, a word, a gesture of the young wife's that escaped the eyes of the deft-handed masquerader. She watched the tender, womanly way she cared for her little one; the sensible, economical mode of her housekeeping arrangements; the plain, palatable lunch; the dignity of the young mistress in her own servant; her intelligent explanations and her moving while baby slept; her patience, her amiability, and her beautiful unconscious adoration of her husband that betrayed itself at every turn.

It was not yet time for the advent of the adorable day that Mrs. Ben Rushington had thoroughly made up her mind that her son's wife was far superior to Genevieve Wallace, and that Ernest had shown his accustomed firmness, judgment, and taste in choosing between the two.

"If I only can get her to talk about me," she thought, as she made side-plaiting, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the occasion.

A while later she purposely introduced the subject.

"Your baby has an uncommon name, Helen. Is it a fancy name?"

"Oh, no—it is for my husband's mother. Isn't it a beautiful name?"

Mamie then stroked the soft little hand lying doubled up on her bosom while the child slept.

"Very pretty. So did Mrs. Rushington's mother like you?" Did you know I had much of an opinion of her? They say she is haughty, unforgiving, and obstinate."

"Oh no, Mrs. Abercrombie. My mother-in-law can be very dignified, I believe, and even imagine. She may be haughty—rich people are apt to be, and she—may be—is unforgiving where she feels she has been ill-used. Any one would be, would they not? But obstinate—no, I am quite sure not."

"You are well acquainted with her: you should know."

Mamie's fair cheek flushed.

"I am not acquainted with her, at all. I have never seen her, for she was so disappointed when her son married me that she refuses to know me. If she only would, I am sure I would make her love me. I would give baby into her arms, and let her see she is Ernest all over again. I would tell her how I had called her after her, hoping my child would make as much a success as Ernest has in life's battle."

And just as Mrs. Rushington dashed down the plaintive baby her trembling hands could no longer hold, just as she was going to snatch Mamie to her own heart, the door opened, and her son was, handsome, cheery, gay, came in.

"This is splendid! Mother, dear, this is all my home needed—to see you here! Mamie! how natural and cozy it all is! Why—what—"

For Mamie had risen from her chair, bewildered, pale, and Mrs. "Abercrombie" stood, laughing and crying by turns.

"I've been here—taking advantage of a mistake Mamie made, and I've discovered what a jewel she is, Ernest. She shall never again want my love or care. Children, it's the best day I ever saw!"

And when Ernest put one arm around his wife and child, and the other around his mother, with tears in their eyes, and smiles on their lips, they all endorsed her opinion.

An Interesting Item on Suicides.

From the Cincinnati Commercial:

The recording of the different types of suicide has been, with us, something of a specialty, and the exchanges will find it in the usual novel case. In New York an old man of seventy years hung himself to the limb of a tree in a cemetery, by the grave of his long departed wife. In Brooklyn, a young man, who lost a policy of $1,000 by the failure of a life insurance company, stuck his head in a washtub full of soda and held it there till he died. Three men of Jersey City, near San Francisco comes one wholly an generis—unsatched, so far as we know, in the history of suicides. A man living with, independently, his cares and disgusted with life, determined to depart for a better world, and took for that purpose a bottle of laudanum. He then called the closet where the family drugs were kept, consuming hereafter a considerable time, and drained one gulp a huge goblet full, dropped the glass to the floor and folded her hands across her breast, awaiting the final agony. She had anticipated the most excruciating pain, as the terribly corrosive substance should act upon her internal organs, and was prepared for it. Instead of pain, a sensation of delicious bliss stealing over her whole system. Her spirit fluttered gently, and her vision rose and roamed at will through all the glorious mansions of her happy past, and she felt that she had died in the future life was rent, and that her spirit already floated in Paradise. And she had died, drained of the fatal poison, with difficulty her voice was failing fast, and her utterance clogged—"I had not dreamed it could death was so easy. Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh —er! where is victory?" At this juncture she was interrupted and exclaimed:

"What in laruation are you doing, Molly? What's your face so red about?"

"Why, Bridget, Going die. Mam 'n Haven 'ready. Take cranberry sass-sass. For-give you ever'thing."

"Cranberry sass," exclaimed the unfeeling parent, "why that's ice-house brandy. I stuck the label on, 'cause I knew you'd drink it if I didn't."

Let's drop a veil over the touching scene. The wife was compelled to live, but still insists that she was in Paradise.

The funeral of M. Le Verrier, September 26, was attended by many persons of distinction in science and literature. General Morin, Director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and Faye, of the French Institute, are the Presidents of the Observatory Council, and Delaunay, Director of the Paris

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

RISE OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REDE.

"In primus homines est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigande. CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

I.

[ENGLISH.]

When the reader comes across this phrase, although it is seldom used now, it really expresses nothing beyond the fact that he is come to an antiquity as well as her more ambitious neighbor.

Ireland's Eye is a small rocky island lying to the north of the Hill of Howth. It is so called because an abbey here about A. D. 670, where he passed the evening of a well spent life in fasting and in prayer. The bell of the first people, immediately called the Garland of Howth, was preserved here, of which Archbishop Allen, in the liber niger, says, "That whoever is held in so much esteem, that veneration that good men scarcely dare take an oath on it, for fear of the judgment of God being immediately shown on those that forswear themselves."

INTERVIEWED.

This word is now in general use. In true meaning, or rather its exercise in the way of colloquial conversation, is not in accordance with its derivation. Interview is a mutual sight or view; a meeting usually a formal meeting for conversation on some important subject; hence, a conference," a mutual communication of opinions.

In the sense it is used now, it borders more upon importance than is sanctioned by the rules of polite use. If a word is necessary for the purpose, why not adopt that of "Inter-talk," to talk, or hold conversation, one with another. Inter-talked carries with it a more determined purpose, a more definite idea, and does not require so much delicacy in the attempt as does that of interviewed. Let reporters and others try it.

"Amongst the reptiles is added
Love and hate, and Inter-talked!
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where may I find my shepherdess."

IT COME AGAINST THE GRAIN.

The grain pertains to wood, longways to wood, as the fibres run. To go transversely in these fibres, is to go against the grain. Hence the origin of the expression.

IT TAKEN NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN.

The origin of this saying is alike complimentary to the artisan as it is favorable to the cause of humanity. A poor, unfortunate, though honest tradesman, having fallen into difficulties, found that he must yield to the force of circumstances, and within the four walls of a prison settle in some way the debts he could not meet outside of them. As this barbarous system of torturing a debtor still has a standpoint in every civilized part of the world, except in Great Britain and the United States, it is for the cause, the exercise of benevolence for debtors is seldom called in practice. While the poor devil was hourly expecting a sheriff's officer, there came to his aid their hands (and purses) together for the purpose of rescuing the unfortunate tradesman and establish him once more in business. Each one of nine tailors gave this design, subscribed a certain amount of money, which not only paid off all his debts, but enabled him to commence business again on his own hook, and subsequently amassed a fortune; and hence the origin of the saying

"It takes nine tailors to make a man."

JACK KETCH.

There are several origins of this celebrated title or name, as a synonym for the hangman. We give the following, however, to be the most correct derivation. The manner of Tyburn was formerly held by Richard Jaquett, who became sheriff for a long time executed, from whence Jaquett became corrupted to Jack Ketch.

The name became connected with the executioner in the person of John Price, who was the first to perform the office of hangman at the manor of Tyburn, Jaquett, i. e., Jack Ketch. John Price was indicted on the 80th of April, 1718, for the murder of Elizabeth Lyon, and was hung on the 3rd of September. He was hung on the 31st of May, 1718. The successor of Price was William Mawer, but his name is not known to fame. His successor was Jack Ketch has been given to the hangman, he is known by no other.

JANITOR.

A porter, doorkeeper, keeper of a gate. Th's word, although from the Latin, is so extensively used in Scotland that no one would suppose he learnt in that nation. It is derived from "Janus," a gate, so called from Janus an ancient Latin divinity, who was worshipped as the Sun, because he also had the guardian deity of gates.

The Spartan Janitors did not serve for long time and fell.
Nor the gentle, growling janitor of Hell."

—Smollett's Advice.

THE JESUITS.

The Order of Jesus was founded by Ignatius Loyola, a spanish knight, in the sixteenth century. It has endured the vicissitudes common at differ ent periods. It was expelled from England by James I. in 1606; from Venice in 1606; from Portugal in 1759; from France in 1764; from Spain, and was totally suppressed and abolished by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773. It has existed in this country, from 1640, through 1814, to 1862, in full force in its original state. The Jesuits have founded almost innumerable colleges, and have flourished, and have not, as has been charged, failed at by sectarian bigotry, form, as a class, one of the most valuable portions of society. Manifestly, from the very nature of its duliging an undue partiality for the Order of Jesuits pays it the following compliment: "They wandered in communities which neither necessitate nor the liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of mandarins in the courts of China and Japan. They were known to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet, whatever was the disguise they had achieved might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the mandates of their chief, who had had chosen his dwelling place or his avocation for himself. Like the sun, he shone upon the entire circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in teaching naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left, with profound indifference, to the fulfilment of his will. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was on the Euphrates in the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country whence his life was more insecure than that of a wild beast, he was in the first ship from which the hands and quarters of his brethren, fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he was there without delay or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. Within the past few years Jesuit missionaries passed round the globe, when, in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together, and pestilence had deserted their thousands, when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold, when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the force of fear, and when the dead, abandoned by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother had deserted, bending over the wretched lay the Jesuit priest, who had anticipated the most excruciating pain, as the terribly corrosive substance should act upon her internal organs, and was prepared for it. Instead of pain, a sensation of delicious bliss stealing over her whole system. Her spirit fluttered gently, and her vision rose and roamed at will through all the glorious mansions of her happy past, and she felt that she had died in the future life was rent, and that her spirit already floated in Paradise. And she had died, drained of the fatal poison, with difficulty her voice was failing fast, and her utterance clogged—"I had not dreamed it could death was so easy. Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh —er! where is victory?" At this juncture she was interrupted and exclaimed:

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of proclaiming his celebrated Psalms. The Harp of David in modern times stands as the representative worthy his name and the time in which he lived.

JEWISH SUPERSTITION.

The Jews are a race, from which plan has tolerable sprinkling of "ana," have a superstition that when a dead body is carried out for interment, if a dog passes under the bier, the person who is to be interred for the day, and the body is carried back from whence it was brought. The people of the town being aware of this false piece of foreigners of the deepest race, take pleasure in hunting dogs in such a direction as to make them pass under the bier as they die. Discover a Jew's funeral, to the discomfiture of the Jews, and the diversion of the people.

JOLLY.

The word has of late become very popular with us, more, however, in the sense of slang than that of elegance. Jolly is derived from the old Latin jocus, thus jocus, jocularis, jocalarius, jocalis, gralifex, Skinner and Junius from jovial (?) and these successively imply happy, glorious, mirthful, full of mirth and gladness; cheerful, fond of good cheer, etc